

# BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD

ISSUE  
#4

D.I.Y. HARDCORE PUNK  
/CRUST/ANARCHO/

REVIEWS / OPINIONS &  
PERSONAL / POLITICAL WRITINGS



GUIDED CRADLE  
(czech)

ABANDON  
(SWEDEN)

NUCLEAR DEATH  
TERROR  
TUUR DAIZY

So, finally done with #4 & it's not even too far past when I'd hoped to have it done for... Only 7 months since the last one & I'm hoping the next will follow soon too.

This has much to do with the new job I've been at for the past 4 months, as a chef in the all-organic vegan kitchen at an alternative high-school about 10 minutes from where I live. Good pay, decent people, and I'm finished by 1pm every day (early start though). Best of all are the amazing photocopiers! When I realised the opportunities available I decided I had to get my shit together much quicker this time, since this cuts my costs a fuckload. I was also keen to get a new issue out 'cos of the largely unmusical focus of the last issue. Thanks to everyone who got in touch about it; I'm planning to copy up some more of that, plus the 1st & 2nd issues, as soon as I have the time, so if you want a copy...

The main focus of this issue is protest & resistance, with various reflections & ideas of mine on this spread throughout the zine in 3 different pieces, each of which follows on from the previous. The photos in the final part of it are from the Crustyfukk Fest in Dublin last April, at which there was a fuckin' amazing Anti-War protest. So good! 30 or 40 punks spraypainting shit, smashing supermarket trolleys made up like tanks & warplanes into each other, bloodbombs full of red paint, a huge jerry-can full of black manky shit being kicked all over the place and making a huge mess, fuckin' crust blasting from stereo speakers, and the best chants ever ("punks

not pigs!", "punks not war!", "wanks not war", "wanks not punks", etc.). Fuckin' chaos! Fuckin' nice one to Ella & Eric for organising the festival!

Something central to my sentiments on these issues is the struggle we face at the moment here in Copenhagen to keep Ungdomshuset open. It's a huge 4-story autonomous space that was given to the squatting movement 23 years ago & which houses all sorts of fantastic activities.

And then the fuckin' City Council cunts went & sold it to a Christian Fundamentalist group a couple of years ago. The court dates are in May 2006, and we can't allow our hopes to be too high. But if they try & evict us, every one of you that can make it here is needed. It'll be going off in a big fucking way & they're not getting our fucking house.

Fucked over once again by the authorities and had our trailerpark evicted. Me and Ian couldn't take the pressure & sold our wagon. We didn't even have the money to move it to Christiania with the others (they were evicted from there soon after and the pigs stole their homes). So first of all I lived in the attic for a few months & then moved in proper in this huge big punk house in the Norrebroxx. Fuckin' 18 or 20 people split into two collectives. Two kitchens, two big living areas, 5 bathrooms, 18 bedrooms, a bar/café & a maze of 50+ stairs. Bought (mortgaged) from the City by its squatters in the 80's. Someone cookin' 5 nights a week. Collective meetings every week, house meetings every 2! Work weekends...

So fuck it, things are good. I've been playing a shitload of music with different bands, enjoying my work, getting pissed and smoking far too much weed with Yogi. But fuck it, I'm more balanced & in control than I have been in years. I'm saving a lot

of money and from next Summer on is a blank page. Perhaps travelling... perhaps finish my degree in University... or maybe move somewhere new, far away & warm... it's gettin' so fuckin' cold here... Brazil! Yeah... or Australia... Mexico...

To finish I should thank some people. Firstly, Natalia & Willy in Red Ink, who actually paid to print 70 copies of the last issue - amazing! It means a lot to me - giving me a voice. The same to everyone who's distroed it & made copies themselves. Thanks to Adam 119 for the awesome cover artwork. If ya don't like seein' the emos bashed, GO AND CRY ABOUT IT TO SOMEONE ELSE! Death to false hardcore, emo is a plague, get a haircut, hippy!

And more than anyone else I have to thank all my friends for being there, raising a glass or offering a shoulder to lean on, when things are good & when things is shitty! Without youse there's nothing. Up the punx! The war against emo continues!

BITE THE HAND, c/o CORMY,  
c/o BUMZEN, BALDERSGADE 20-22,  
2200 COPENHAGEN N, DENMARK.  
razethestray(a)hotmail.com

CONSTRUCTED TO THE NOISE OF:  
BASTARDS / SKITKIDS / DOOM / WIPERS  
DEVIATED INSTINCT / BROKEN BONES  
DEATHSBIDE / TOTALITÄR / JUDAS PRIEST  
MEANWHILE / ACURSED / DISCHARGE / KAOS  
ROCKY / THE SWEDEN / DISORDEN / EAZY E  
SELFISH / THE HATE / APPENDIX / PROPEAD  
SACRILEGE / BESTÖVEN / BLACK FLAG  
BJÖRK / STATE OF FEAR / DEFIANCE E.N.T.  
CIRCLE JERKS / CHAOS U.K. / HELLCASTARD  
NEUROSIS / HHIG / ACROSTIX / DISCLOSE / SWANS

## Red Ink



Radical Books & Zines:  
4 Upper Fownes Street  
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07/04/2005

I'M STANDING HERE ON BLESSINGTON STREET WAITING FOR A ~~EMM~~ BUS WONDERING WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH US ALL:-

A FEW MINUTES AGO A WOMAN, AROUND MAYBE 30 YEARS OLD, WAS STUMBLING UP THE STREET OBVIOUSLY TOTALLY OUT OF IT. SHE HAD THE EYES, TEETH & SKIN OF A JUNKIE AND REEKED OF BOOZE.

A TATTERED GREEN "IRELAND" CAP OVER SHORT DIRTY HAIR, A JACKET FAR TOO THIN TO PROVIDE ANY WARMTH AGAINST THE SHARP WIND BLOWING RUBBISH AROUND OUR FEET, SHARDS OF ~~EMM~~ LOOSE TOBACCO SMEARED WET OVER NICOTINE STAINED LIPS.

A NUMBER OF PEOPLE WALKED PAST AS SHE SHAMBLED TOWARDS ME. DESPITE MYSLET, I CAUGHT HER EYE, FEELING ASHAMED AND WORTHLESS AS I UNSUCCESSFULLY TRIED TO KEEP MY EYES ON THE GROUND. SHE ~~REX~~ RETURNED MY GAZE AND STUMBLED TO A HALT ON FRONT OF ME AS I FEERLY TRIED TO SMILE.

SHE CROAKED SOMETHING, "sorry?". "How're you doing?" ~~EMM~~ SHE ASKED. "Eh, I'm alright. How about you?"

SHE WAS PRETTY ~~WE~~ UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING, MUMBLED INCOHERENT SENTENCES, "why's it always so hard?", STUTTERED VAGUELY OVER SOMETHING TO DO WITH BEING A LESBIAN... I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND... "are you alright?". "what's wrong?"

SHE WASN'T ABLE TO TELL ME AND I WASN'T ABLE TO UNDERSTAND. SHE OFFERED ME A CIGARETTE, THEN STUMBLED AND NEARLY FELL, I CAUGHT HER. I HELD HER LIGHTLY, IN A COMFORTING WAY I SUPPOSE, BY THE SHOULDERS... TRIED TO TALK TO HER... DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

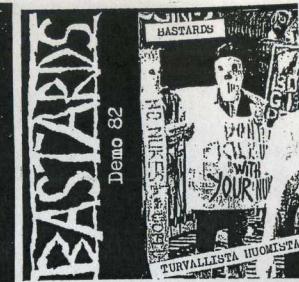
PEOPLE WALK BY FROWNING AT US BOTH. SHE SAID SHE WAS TRYING TO FIND HER WAY HOME. I DIDN'T KNOW IF SHE MEANT LITERALLY OR METAPHORICALLY; I ASKED HER WHERE SHE LIVED BUT DIDN'T RECOGNISE THE STREET NAME.

I WANTED TO ASK HER HER NAME BUT I WAS AFRAID ~~EMM~~ TO OFFER HER SUCH A SIMPLE HUMANISING GESTURE... AFRAID IT WOULD SADDLE ME WITH SOME SORT OF OBLIGATION TO HER, PERHAPS AFRAID IT WOULD PROLONG AN UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATION I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH.

I WAS AFRAID SHE MIGHT~~E~~ THINK I WAS TRYING TO SOLICIT SEX FROM HER BECAUSE I WAS BEING FRIENDLY, AFRAID THAT ~~EMM~~ SHE'D OFFER IT BECAUSE SHE WAS SO OBVIOUSLY DOWN & OUT. I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO ~~EMM~~ SAY. I JUST STOOD THERE FEELING LIKE A COMPLETE CUNT.

SHE SAID GOODBYE, TURNED AND SLOWLY WALKED BACK IN THE DIRECTION SHE'D COME FROM, SWAYING AND STUMBLING. I FEEL ~~W~~ SO EMPTY, SO SICKENED. WE ARE NOT EVEN HUMAN. WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH US???





BASTARDS - 1982 DEMO LP

THIS IS REAL FUCKING HARDCORE. FINLAND '82 AND THIS IS WHAT THESE DRUNKEN CUNTS WERE DOING WHILE I WAS BEING BORN. RABID, NASTY, UGLY HARDCORE THAT PISSES IN YOUR FACE AND STEALS YOUR LUNCH MONEY (AND SPENDS IT ON VODKA AND GLUE). ONE SIDE STUDIO, 12 SONGS, ONE SIDE LIVE, 11 SONGS. THE STUDIO SIDE IS PURE GENIUS, UNTOUCHABLE, TOTALLY THE PINNACLE OF HARDCOREPUNK. THE LYRICS ARE THAT ARE INCLUDED ARE REALLY GOOD, WAR, RACISM, STATE CONTROL. THE ORIGINAL TAPE COVER REPRINTED ON THIS LP COVER LOOKS AMAZING. LOADS OF COOL PICTURES AND SOME NICE INFO ON THE INLAY. THERE'S ALSO A BASTARDS REISSUE JUST RECENTLY OUT ON HOHNIE RECORDS, OF LATER MATERIAL THAN THIS. THIS IS FAR BETTER SHIT, IN MY OPINION, REALLY RAW DIRTY FUCKIN PUNK. I WANT TO BE THIS BAND! I THINK I JUST CAME. ~~THE~~ THE STUDIO SIDE OF THIS IS UNMISSABLE, THE LIVE SIDE THOUGH IS A HEAVENLY HOLOCAUST OF NOISE/DISTORTION, BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY A PUNK, OKAY? ASSEL RECORDS, GRONER LANDSTR. 48, 37081 GOTTINGEN, GERMANY.

V/A - KONTON DAMAGING EAR MASSACRE LP

THIS IS AN 8 BAND COMPILATION OF NOISY AND VICIOUS PUNK BANDS FROM OSAKA, JAPAN. STARTS OFF WITH 2 AMAZING TRACKS FROM FRAMTID, SOME OF THEIR BEST STUFF AND THE HIGHLIGHT OF THIS LP. TOTALLY UNCOMPROMISED HARSH-AS-FUCK THRASHING D-BEAT NOISE-CHAOS. FINNISH WANNA-BES POIKKEUS ARE UP NEXT, THE MUSIC IS GREAT BUT THE RIDICULOUS VOCALS FUCK IT UP. THEY'RE TRYING TO DO THE ECHOEY RIISTETYT THING BUT IT DOESN'T WORK. I PREFERRED THE OTHER STUFF BY THEM I'VE HEARD. 2 TRACKS FROM KRUV NEXT, EARLY 80'S UK PUNK INFLUENCE WITH MENTALIST VOCALS, NOT BAD, NOT ALL THAT EXCITING. ADIXION FINISH OFF THE A-SIDE AND SOUND LIKE SOME JAPANESE MENTAL PATIENTS WHO LISTENED TO A LOT OF NO-MEANS-NO AND TOOK TOO MUCH LSD. SIDE B BEGINS WITH ZOE, WITH DIFFERENT RECORDINGS OF 2 SONGS OFF THEIR "LAST AXE BEAT" LP. TOTAL AMEBIX WORSHIP BUT WITH LESS SYNTH AND EFFECTS THAN ON THE ALBUM RECORDINGS, 2nd BEST BAND ON THIS COMP I RECKON. FEROCIOS X ARE UP NEXT, DISTORTED-AS-FUCK SCANDI-INFLUENCED THRASHPUNK. REMINDS ME OF CRUDE SS AND MOB 47. LIKE A PUNCH IN THE FACE BY SOME FUCKER WHO'S GONE BEFORE YOU REALISE YOU'VE BEEN SMACKED. LAUKAUS HAVE 2 SONGS NEXT, TOTALLY ~~WEEKE~~ CLASSIC SOUNDING SNOTTY PUNK ATTACK.. "S-A-S!!". DEFECTOR FIENSII OFFTHIS COMP WITH 2 BLASTS OFF CAUSTIC FLAILING NOISEPUNK THAT'S A LITTLE BIZARRE BUT PRETTY GOOD. MENTION HAS TO GO TO THE AMAZING CUT 'N' PASTE JOB ON THE INLAY OF THIS DOUBLE SIDED 6-LP CVER SIZE FOLD OUT, FUCKIN AMAZING, IN THE CLASSIC CRUST WAR STYLE WITH A LOT OF QUIRKY WEIRD SHIT. ~~WEEKE~~ CRUST WAR, I-28-3A. SIKTU-NISHI2, NANIWA-KU,OSAKA-CITY 517-0017, JAPAN.

V/A - THE TIME OF HELL.

THIS COMPILATION LE POSITIVELY BLEEDS ENTHUSIASM & PASSION FOR PRIMITIVE RAW PUNK AND THE ~~XXMMW~~ AMOUNT OF WORK PUT INTO IT IS PRETTY OBVIOUS FROM WHEN YOU FIRST SEE IT. THE SLEEVE, INLAY, LITTLE EXTRAS AND LINER NOTES ARE SO GOOD (THE COVER'S EVEN IN BRAILLE FOR BLIND CRUSTIES). ANYWAY, INCLUDED HERE ARE CONTRAST ATTITUDE (JAPAN), SISTA CIVILISATIONENS DOD (SWEDEN), BESTHÖVEN (BRAZIL) & DISCLOSE (JAPAN)= CONTRAST ATTITUDE DOD START OFF THE A SIDE WITH 5 TRACKS OF SCREAMING DISTORTED D-BEAT RAGE, REALLY SOLID WALL OF NOISE THRASH GOODNESS. FOLLOWED BY S.C.D. WITH 5 ~~GEN~~ OF THEIR OWN + MISSBRUKARNA & SVART FRAMTID COVERS. A BIT LIKE A LESS RABID MOB 47, SOUNDING REALLY PISSED OFF WITH QUITE A PUNKY EDGE TO IT. ONLY PROBLEM WITH THIS IS THAT COVERING SONGS LIKE DISCIPLIN JUST TAKES AWAY FROM YOUR OWN MATERIAL -~~XXMMW~~ HOW CAN IT COMPETE? \* B-SIDE BEGINS

WITH 4 FROM BESTH6VEN, EARLY 80'S SCANDO WORSHIP SOUNDING COMPLETELY LIKE ANYTHING OFF THE SECOND & THIRD ANTI-CIMEX 7"s, EVEN DOWN TO THE REALLY NICE RECORDING SOUND ON THIS. BASICALLY YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS SHIT IF YOU'RE INTO EARLY 80'S SWEDISH HARDCORE. FINISHES OFF WITH 4 TRACKS FROM DISCLOSE IN THEIR RECENT DIS-BONES STYLE, A LITTLE PUNKIER AND MORE SWAGGERING THAN THEIR PREVIOUS ~~EXXXED~~ DECADE OF DISCHARGE WORSHIP. NUCLEAR EXPLOSION & APOCALYPSE OF DEATH ARE 2 OF THE BEST DISCLOSE TRACKS EVER, PRETTY MUCH FLAWLESS IN THEIR EXECUTION. YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AND IT'S DELIVERED IN STYLE. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL COMPILATIONS THAT COMES ALONG EVERY COUPLE OF YEARS AND YOU'LL BE KICKING YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T GET ONE WHILE YOU STILL CAN. GAME OF THE ARSEHOLE\$ PO BOX 541 WHIPPANY, NJ 07981-0511 U.S.A.

GUIDED CRADLE - SYSTEM SURVIVORS LP

KEEN, THIS IS AMAZING. AFTER SEEING THIS BAND LIVE I WAS REAL FUCKIN KEEN TO HEAR THIS BUT HAD MYSELF PREPARED FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT...NO FUCKIN WAY, THIS IS TOTALLY RAGING, BRUTAL METAL-DRENCHED CRUSTPUNK. 8 TRACKS, EACH PRETTY LENGTHLY, THIS HAS ELEMENTS OF LATE 80'S UK CRUST AND SCANDANAVIAN SHIT WITH TOTALLY GUTTURAL VOCALS SIMILAR TO THE MORE TYPICAL JAPANESE STYLE. THERE'S AN ANTI-CIMEX COVER OFF OF THE 1990 "ABSOLUT" LP. WHICH IS A PRETTY GOOD INDICATION OF THIS BAND'S SOUND. SOME FUCKIN DEADLY GUITAR LEADS, THUNDERING DRUMS, EVEN A FUCKIN BASS SOLO THAT SOUNDS AMAZING. LYRICS ABOUT RELIGION, ENVIRONMENTAL COLLAPSE, WAR, KILLING NAZIS AND SO ON. SOME TOTALLY SLAYING BREAKDOWNS TOO, THIS QUITE REMINDS ME OF HELLSHOCK IN PLACES. THE PRODUCTION IS REALLY GOOD, TOTALLY POWERFUL AND FULL-ON, AND THE COVER ARTWORK IS FUCKIN AMAZING -A LOAD OF ORK PUNK KILLING COPS AND NAZIS, DONE BY THE SAME DUDE WHO DOES THE COVERS FOR SLUG & LETTUCE. I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR MORE FROM THIS BAND. WWW=DAMAGEDONERECORDS.COM

LEBENDEN TOTEN - DEAD NOISE EP.

TOTALLY PRIMITIVE DISTORTED RAW NOIZE PUNK FROM THESE EX-ATROCIOUS MADNESS FOLK. THIS BAND ARE ON THEIR KNEES AT THE ALTAR OF DISTORTION. THIS IS THE FIRST RELEASE BY THIS BAND I'VE GOTTEN AROUND TO PICKING UP AND IT'S NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING; IT'S PRETTY MUCH CRUST-FREE, WHEREAS I WAS EXPECTING ATROCIOUS MADNESS PART 2. THIS SOUNDS A LOT MORE LIKE DISORDER AND SIMILAR "AAARGH FUCK\$!" TYPE PUNK BANDS MIXED ~~IMMUNE~~ WITH THE INFLUENCE OF VARIOUS OBSCURE JAPANESE NOISY SHIT. ABSOLUTELY SHREDDED OVERDRIVEN GUITAR AMPS (SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE THERE'S EXTRA TRACKS OF PURE FEEDBACK IN THERE!) AND DISTORTED FEMALE VOCALS GIVE THIS A REALLY EARBLEED INDUCING HIGH-END, IT TAKES A FEW GOES BEFORE THE SONGS BENEATH SINK IN, BUT THIS SOUNDS EVEN BETTER WITH EVERY LISTEN. VERY NICE VERY NICE, MORE PLEASE. OVERTHROW ~~RECORDS~~ RECORDS, 402 MARUTA-PALACE, SHIMOSHINSHUKU, 21-5, ICHIKAWA, CHIBA, 272-01 JAPAN.

HUMAN BASTARD/DISUNDEAD SPLIT 7".

GOT THIS 7" OF THESE 2 SPANISH BANDS & PRETTY MUCH BECAUSE OF THE BAND NAMES GOT THIS 7" OF THESE 2 SPANISH BANDS PRETTY MUCH BECAUSE OF THE BAND NAMES AND COVER ARTWORK. HUMAN BASTARD ARE REALLY FUCKIN GOOD. DRIVING MOTORHEAD FLAVOURED SCANDANAVIAN D-BEAT WORSHIP WITH SOME GREAT RIFFS AND A REAL FLOWING, ROLLING FEEL TO IT. UNFORTUNATELY ONLY 2 SONGS, I'LL DEFINITELY HAVE AN EYE OUT FOR MORE BY THIS BAND, THE "ROCK!" EDGE TOTALLY MAKES IT STAND OUT. THE DISUNDEAD SIDE DOESN'T LEAP OUT AT ME SO MUCH, PRETTY STANDARD D-BEAT ROCK WITH SOME NICE TOUCHES BUT MOSTLY WITHOUT THAT LITTLE EXTRA TO BRING IT OVER THE TOP. PROBABLY GREAT LIVE BUT WITHOUT EXPERIENCING THAT I DON'T THINK I'LL FIND MYSELF PUTTING THEIR SIDE ON TOO OFTEN. TUPA TUPA RECORDS, **KREO** APDO.CORREOS 6112 50080

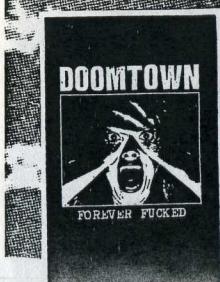


MARTYRDOD - IN EXTREMIS. : - IN EXTREMIS CASS.  
HOLY JESUS FUCK. THIS IS AMAZING. I THOUGHT THE FIRST ALBUM WAS REALLY  
EXCELLENT BUT THE BAND DIDN'T PREPARE ME FOR SOMETHING AS GOOD AS THIS  
EITHER WITH THAT OR WHEN I SAW THEM PLAY SINCE THEN. SO FUCKING HEAVY  
REALLY FUCKING METAL CRUST WITH A TOTALLY DRIVING RAZOR EDGE. THE ~~W~~  
PRODUCTION IS IMMACULATE (I HEAR THEY PAID QUITE A PRICE BUT IT TOTALLY  
PAID OFF) AND THE SOUND IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE VAST MAJORITY OF RECENT  
CRUST RECORDS I'VE HEARD. THE LYRICS ARE ALSO EVEN MORE METAL THAN THE FIRST  
RECORD. I REALLY WISH I COULD MAKE MORE OF THEM OUT BECAUSE WHAT I AMABLE  
TO IS SO GOOD BUT IT'S ALL IN SWEDISH. COMPLETELY BITTER AND PESSIMISTIC,  
I REALLY FUCKING LIKE THIS IN THAT IT DEFINITELY SOUNDS CONTEMPORARY AND  
NOT AT ALL LIKE IT'S COPYING A BAND FROM THE 80'S, BUT AT THE SAME TIME ~~W~~  
~~WMS~~ IT'S NOT WATERED DOWN AND WEAK AND FUCKIN EMO-SOUNDING LIKE SO MANY  
SUPPOSED CRUST BANDS OF RECENT TIMES. PROBABLY THE BEST RECORD I'VE GOTTEN  
THIS YEAR SO FAR, YOU REALLY NEED THIS. PUTS MARTYRDOD AT THE TOP OF MY  
LIST OF CURRENT CRUST BANDS BESIDE HELLSHOCK. PITY ABOUT THE SHITE COVER  
ARTWORK, WHAT IS THAT? THERE'S A FUCK OF A LOT OF SHITTY ARTWORK ON PUNK  
RECORDS THESE DAYS. PLAGUE BEARER, PO BOX 604E, 2200 KØBENHAVN N, DENMARK.

DOOMTOWN - FOREVER FUCKED demp tape  
THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST DEMO TAPES I'VE GOTTEN IN A WHILE. TOTALLY RAGING  
ABRASIVE HARDCORE WITH CRUST INFLUENCES. ~~NUMBER~~ 16 TRACKS WITH LYRICS ON  
AUTHORITY, SOCIETY, DEPRESSION & DESPERATION; LOTS OF REALLY ANTHEMIC AND  
~~DEFIANT~~ KANGNAVE-SHAKING SHIT. REALLY GOOD BREAKDOWNS AND LEAD GUITAR  
BITS KEEP IT INTERESTING, AND THE RECORDING PRODUCTION IS BETTER THAN ~~THE~~  
MOST RECORDS. THIS REMINDS ME IN PLACES OF DEATHREAT, ALSO SLIGHTLY OF  
NEWER CRUST BANDS LIKE TRAGEDY AND THATA, BUT SIGNIFICANTLY DIFFERENT TO  
THE RANKS OF EMO-POSEURS. I THINK BECAUSE THIS BAND RATHER THAN JUST COPYING  
THAT STYLE ARE INSTEAD DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM THE SAME SOURCES (CRUCIAL  
DIFFERENCE). WHY OH WHY AREN'T MORE BANDS DOING QUALITY DEMO TAPES LIKE THIS?  
WASTE YOUR LIFE TAPES, c/o AZ MUELHEIM, AUERSTR. 51, 454698 MUELHEIM / RUHR,

K  
KAAOS - TOTAALINEN KAAOS LP.  
COMPLETELY UNDENIABLY ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL HARDCORE, ANOTHER IN THE SERIES  
OF FANTASTIC FINNISH HARDCORE REPRESSINGS FROM HOHNIE RECORDS. MORE AMAZING  
SHIT FROM THE YEAR I WAS BORN, KAAOS ARE DEFINITELY IN THE TOP 5 FINNISH  
HARDCORE BANDS EVER. THAT MUCH MEANER AND MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN MOST OF  
THEIR CONTEMPORARIES, THIS IS IN FACT FAR MORE FEROCIOUS AND INTENSE THAN  
THE VAST MAJORITY OF HARDCORE EXISTING IN THE 20+ YEARS SINCE THEN. 16  
SONGS FROM THE ORIGINAL LP + THEIR TRACKS & FROM THE SYSTEEMI ET TOIMI &  
RUSSIA BOMBS FINLÄND COMPS. EVERY ONE OF THESE IS A CLASSIC, & A WIDE  
RANGE OF HARDCORE FROM SPASMODIC THRASHING NOISE TO MID-PACED DRIVING  
HARDCORE IN THE CLASSIC FINNISH STYLE. FUCK THIS IS AMAZING. NO MATTER  
WHAT KIND OF PUNK OR HARDCORE YOU'RE INTO YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS. HOHNIE  
RECORDS, C/O ANDREAS HOHN, AN DER KUHTRÄNKE 7, 34535 NEUSTADT, GERMANY.

WARCRY - MANIACS ON PEDESTALS LP  
MEMBERS OF BON JOVI & AEROSMITH PLAYING D-BEAT PUNK THAT'S ABOUT AS DISCHARGE  
AS CAN BE WITHOUT JUST TAKING WHOLE SONGS, BUT WITH A CLEANER SOUND AND  
RECORDING. I PREFERRED THE DEMO BUT THIS IS STILL REAL GOOD AND HAS GOTTEN  
PLenty OF LISTENS. 15 SONGS, WHICH TEND TO RUN INTO EACH OTHER A BIT BY THE  
END OF THE RECORD. COOL GUITAR LEADS AND GREAT DRUM ROLLS, AND I STILL CAN'T  
GET ENOUGH OF THEM HIS-HERO-IS-TODD "UUURGH!!" VOCALS. GOOD SHIT, BEST BITS  
ARE THE INCendiARY INTRO TO "RAINING HELL" & THE INLAY WHERE IT SAYS "YOU  
MIGHT BE SICK OF THE SAME 3 CHORDS BUT WE'RE JUST SICK OF WAR" -FUCKIN RIGHT  
(STILL NOT SICK OF THOSE SAME 3 CHORDS THOUGH...) FFERAL WARD RECORDS, 7809 N BRANDON AVE, PORTLAND, OR 97217, USA.



NAILBITER



**THE DARKEST HEAT**



AEROFLIX



CONTRAST ATTITUDE/ACROSTIX - SPLIT LP.

REALLY FUCKING GREAT SPLIT HERE FROM TWO JAPANESE BANDS, I'LL START WITH ACROSTIX COS I'M LISTENING TO THAT RIGHT NOW. THIS IS SO GOOD, REALLY DRIVING POWERFUL AND MELANCHOLIC STENCHCORE CRUST, THIS IS ANOTHER CURRENT AMEBIX-OBSESSED BAND FROM JAPAN. CHECK THIS SHIT OUT, NAMES LIKE "IN THE BARON", "SPIDER ??", SONG & TITLES LIKE "AWAKE!", "THE BEGINNING OR THE END", "ETERNAL WINTER", HAHAAH, AMAZING. THIS ACTUALLY REMINDS ME OF JOY DIVISION TOO, THERE'S A KEYBOARD PLAYER THAT WORKS REALLY WELL, AND A REALLY GOOD POWERFUL RECORDING. EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE SO INFLUENCED BY AMEBIX NONE OF THEIR SONGS REALLY SOUND LIKE PARTICULAR ANEXBIX SONGS, WHICH IS COOL. ONLY 3 SONGS UNFORTUNATELY, I'M HANGIN' TO GET MORE STUFF BY THIS BAND. THERE'S SOME REALLY COOL SINGING PARTS TOO, JUST LIKE YOU-KNOW-WHO, ALSO IN THE WAY THAT THE FIRST TIME YOU HEAR THEM YOU GO "EH...WHA?" BUT THEY GET REALLY GOOD SOON AFTER. CONTRAST ATTITUDE ARE A DIFFERENT KETTLE OF CRUST ALTOGETHER, PLAYING TURBO-DISTORTED SWEDISH INFLUENCED D-BEAT RAW PUNK. REALLY GOOD RIFFS THAT STICK IN YOUR HEAD AND MAKE YOU WANNA ROCK. FUCKIN MILE CITY PUNX WITH A TOTAL & CHARGED TORTURED NOISE ATTITUDE-FILLED SOUND, 4 SONGS. THE LYRICS FROM BOTH BANDS ARE IN REGULATION HARD TO FIGURE OUT JAPANESE-ENGLISH BUT STILL HAS PLENTY COMING THROUGH THAT EXPRESS COOL SENTIMENTS. THE GUITARS ARE FUCKIN CHAINSAWS. THE VOCALS ARE FUCKIN FLESH-HOOKS TEARING THE MEAT FROM YOUR FACE, THE DRUMS ARE HAMMERS ON YOUR SKULL. FUCKIN GET THIS. OH, ONLY PROBLEM IS THE SHITTY COVER, FUCKIN BOLLIX PIXELLATED PRINT JOB THAT LOOKS LIKE ARSE, WHICH MIGHT HAVE LOOKED REALLY COOL IF IT WAS PRINTED PROPERLY, AND THE ACROSTIX SIDE ISN'T THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD EITHER, BUT THE INNER SLEEVE FOR BOTH BANDS IS DEADLY, LOTS OF COOL PICTURES OF JAPANESE CRUSTIES. CRUST WAR, ADDRESS ELSEWHERE.

NAILBITER - ABUSED 12"

THIS ONE'S BEEN OUT FOR A WHILE NOW BUT I ONLY RECENTLY GOT AROUND TO GETTING A COPY OF IT. DISTORTED GUITAR-ROCK DRIVEN RAW CRUSTY PUNK. THOUGH I'D TAKE THE OTHER SPLIT RELEASES THEY DID OVER #THIS IF I WERE TO RECOMMEND THE BAND TO SOMEONE WHO'S NOT HEARD THEM, THIS IS STILL REALLY GREAT SHIT. VERY MUCH IN THE STYLE OF MID-PERIOD ANTI-CIMEX WITH A JAPANESE HARDCORE INFLUENCE ESPECIALLY IN THE VOCAL STYLES, THEY EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO COVER DAUGHTERS OF PRIDE. 7 TRACKS IN ALL ON THIS, MOSTLY MID-PACED AND ORKING. THE COVER ART IS PRETTY ~~SHIT~~ ABSURD AND ~~SHIT~~ I GUESS OFFENDS A LOT OF PEOPLE, IT'S PAINTING OF A HUGE FUCKIN MONSTER WITH IT'S TONGUE ENTWINED AROUND A NAKED LADY, CONAN THE BARBARIAN STYLE. PRETTY METAL, I THINK IT LOOKS COOL, WHATEVER ABOUT THE POLITICALLY CORRECT RIGHTEOUSNESS ABOUT IT. UNFORTUNATELY THE BAND HAVE BROKEN UP NOW. BUT THIS IS WELL WORTH GETTING, THE BASS PLAYER NOW PLAYS IN GIVE UP ALL HOPE (LONDON), ~~SHIT~~ ALSO WORTH ~~SHIT~~ CHECKING OUT. HARDCORE HOLOCAUST, PO BOX 26742, RICHMOND, VA 23261, USA. PRETTY OBSCURE CRYING LUVLOS AND SOME TITLES.

ZOE - THE LAST AXE BEAT

FIRST OF ALL, THIS IS ONE YOU DEFINITELY NEED TO PLAY LOUD TO APPRECIATE. THIS HEAVILY AMEBIX-INFLUENCED 80'S STYLE UK CRUST BAND ARE (I THINK) FROM OSAKA IN JAPAN, ALSO MIX IN VERY DIRTY PUNKY RIFFS WITH THE MOSTLY MONOLITH-ERA AMEBIX STYLISH STUFF. THERE'S ALSO A KEYBOARD-PLAYER THAT ADDS SOMEWHAT REALLY GOOD PARTS. I DEFINITELY PREFER CERTAIN PARTS OF THIS TO OTHERS GENERALLY THE MORE GLOOMY AMEBIX STYLE PARTS. THESE FUCKERS ARE TOTALLY WORSHIPPING THE BAND HERE, THEIR NAMES ARE "LIGHTNING BARON" AND "AXE", SAME WRITING IN THE LOGO, A SONG CALLED "SLAUGHTER" THAT'S A REWRITE OF AXEMAN, ETC. I PREFER THE VOCALIST WITH THE LOWER VOICE, I'D REALLY FUCKIN LOVE TO SEE THIS BAND LIVE, BUT UNTIL THEN I RECKON I'LL MOSTLY STICK WITH MY AMEBIX RECORDS. CRUST WAR, WWW ADDRESS ELSEWHERE.

PROTEST/SURVIVE?

SOMETIME AROUND SPRING '04 I WENT TO AN ANIMAL RIGHTS PROTEST OUTSIDE THE DAILEY (GOVT MINISTRIES OFFICES) IN DUBLIN. THE DEMO WAS TO "BAN LIVE EXPORTS", AGAINST THE CRUELTY OF SENDING LIVE CATTLE ON SHIPS TO EGYPT & ELSEWHERE FOR MEAT.

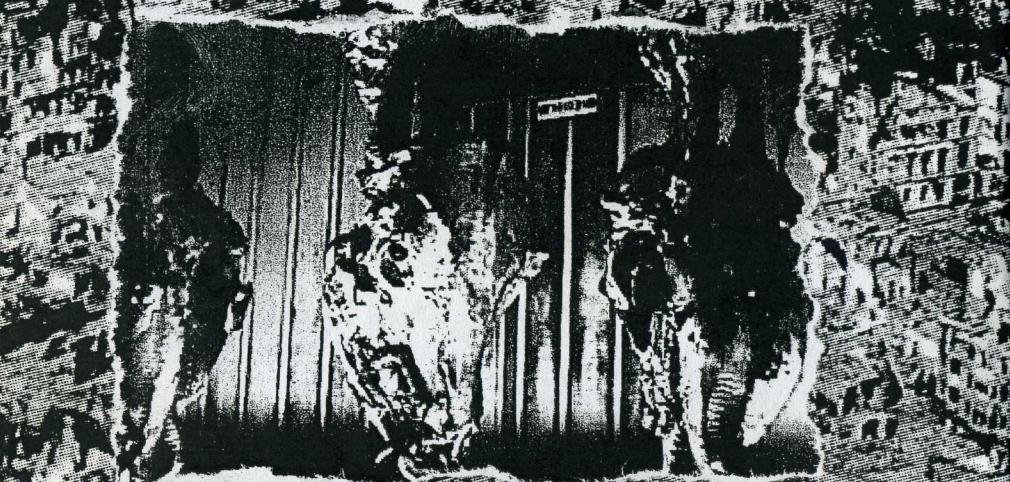
IT WAS ORGANISED BY A.R.A.N. (ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTION NETWORK), WHOSE MAIN ORGANISER JON I'D LONG BEEN IN CONTACT WITH WORKING ON VARIOUS ANIMAL RIGHTS ISSUES, MOST OF WHICH HADN'T BEEN SO SUCESSFUL, SO I'D REALLY WANTED TO GET TO SOME OF THEIR ACTIONS BEFORE I LEFT THE COUNTRY, SINCE MY INVOLVEMENT IN ANIMAL RIGHTS ISSUES HAD LESSENED OVER THE YEARS I'D BEEN LIVING IN DUBLIN.

IT WAS QUITE WELL-ATTENDED COMPARED TO MOST ANIMAL RIGHTS DEMOS, WITH A WIDE SPECTRUM OF PEOPLE THERE, FROM CLEAN-CUT ELDERLY WOMEN & FARMERS TO YOUNGER HIPPIES & A FEW ANARCHISTS I KNEW FROM OTHER GROUPS AND SO ON, BUT I WAS THE ONLY PUNK.

THERE WAS A LOT OF PLACARD-WAVING & CHANTING OF "BAN LIVE EXPORTS" AND THAT, PLUS 2 WOMEN & 1 MAN WEARING VERY LITTLE CLOTHING AND PAINTED AS ANIMALS BEING PHOTOGRAPHED WITH BANNERS BY JOURNALISTS.

I STOOD NEAR THE EDGES FEELING UNCOMFORTABLE AND TALKING TO THE FEW PEOPLE I KNEW AND A FEW OTHER FACES FROM MY PAST I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THERE. I HALF-HEARTEDLY JOINED IN CHANTING SOME OF THE SLOGANS BUT I FELT TOTALLY FALSE: I WASN'T THAT INTO THE IDEA.

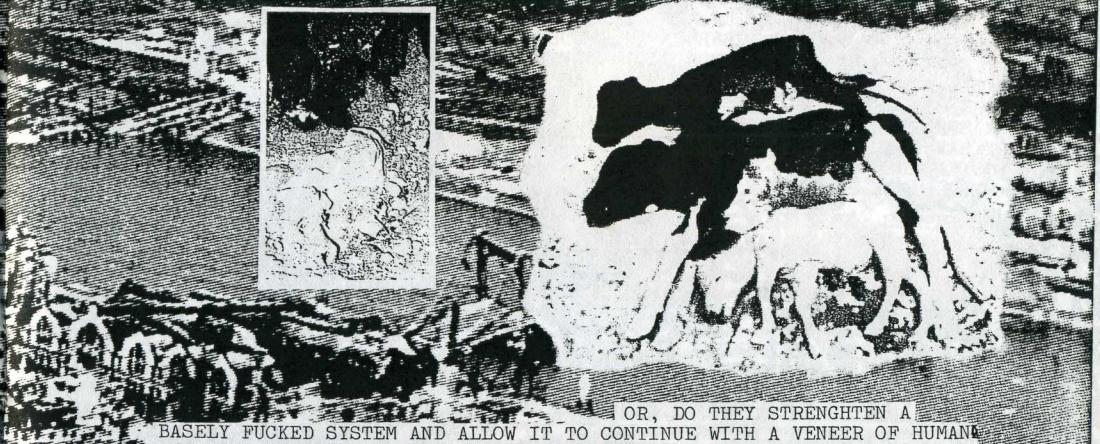
I DON'T WANT TO BAN EXPORTS OF LIVE ANIMALS, I WANT TO BAN EXPORTS OF ALL ANIMALS, IN FACT I WANT TO SEE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE SICKENING INDUSTRY.



BUT, THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN, UNLESS IT COMES TO BE SEEN TO BE IN THE INTEREST OF THE CAPITALISTS AND POWERFUL PEOPLE IN GENERAL. SO THIS STARTED ME THINKING MORE ABOUT THESE ISSUES AND PROTEST IN GENERAL.

WE IN THE PUNK SCENE ARE PARTICULARLY FOND OF SNAPPY PROVOCATIVE SLOGANS, BUT RARELY FOLLOW UP WITH ACTIONS - WHAT DO WE EVER CHANGE OUTSIDE THE CONTEXT OF OUR OWN LIVES? - LITTLE OR NOTHING.

ON THE OTHER HAND, PROTESTS & ISSUES SUCH AS THIS ONE ("BAN LIVE EXPORTS") ACTUALLY STRIVE TOWARDS ACTIVELY REDUCING THE AMOUNT OF PAIN AND SUFFERING IN THE WORLD, NO MATTER HOW LITTLE. THEY FORCE "ORDINARY PEOPLE" TO VIEW ANIMALS MORE HUMANELY AND ARE A STEP TOWARDS A MORE CONSCIENTIOUS AND HUMANE WORLD.



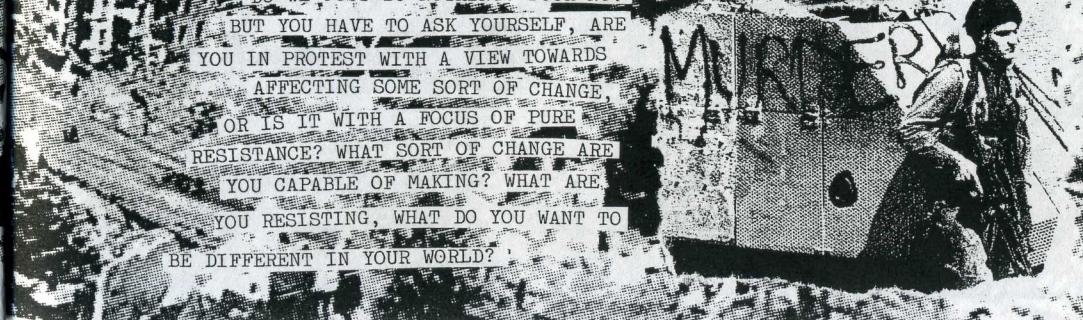
OR, DO THEY STRENGHTEN A BASELY FUCKED SYSTEM AND ALLOW IT TO CONTINUE WITH A VENEER OF HUMANITY AND COMPASSION? THE RIGHTS OF WORKERS, FOR INSTANCE, SINCE THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION THE RIGHTS OF WORKERS HAVE IMPROVED, PAY HAS INCREASED, HOURS HAVE DECREASED, AND MANY PEOPLE HAVE MORE CONTROL OVER THEIR LIVES, AS A RESULT OF UNION ORGANISING AND PROTEST.

YET MORE AND MORE USELESS & UNNECESSARY GOODS CONTINUE TO BE PRODUCED, TO THE GAINS OF THE CAPITALISTS, AND THE MISERY OF LABOUR IS EXPORTED TO THE THIRD WORLD, WITH MORE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD THAN EVER LIVING IN PAIN, SUFFERING & MISERY...

SO, WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO THEN? TO AFFECT ANY CHANGE SEEMS NIGH-ON IMPOSSIBLE, YET IN TERMS OF THE GLOBAL SOCIO-POLITICAL SITUATION, I PERSONALLY FEEL THAT NOTHING LESS THAN TOTAL CHANGE IS ACCEPTABLE. BUT I FEEL THAT THIS WON'T EVER HAPPEN, UNLESS AS A RESULT OF CATASTROPHIC ENVIRONMENTAL DISASTER, DISEASE EPIDEMIC, OR GLOBAL WARFARE.

IN ORDER TO ACTUALLY EXERCISE ANY INFLUENCE ON HOW THESE THINGS COME TO BE THE WAY THEY ARE ONE WOULD HAVE TO GAIN A POSITION OF CONSIDERABLE POLITICAL OR FINANCIAL POWER. TO GAIN SUCH A POSITION OF POWER TO CHANGE ANYTHING REQUIRES SUCH A VAST COMPROMISE OF PERSONAL MORALS & IDEALS THAT BY THE TIME YOU'D GAINED SUCH INFLUENCE, YOU WOULD NO LONGER BE THE SAME PERSON AS YOU WERE WHEN YOU SET OUT TO MAKE THOSE CHANGES, AND WOULD INSTEAD BE CORRUPTED & COMPROMISED, IN ESSENCE. THE CHANGES MADE WOULD LIKEWISE BE A PRODUCT OF SUCH CORRUPTION AND COMPROMISE, AND THUS NOT MADE FOR THE RIGHT REASONS OR MADE AT ALL.

THIS LEAVES YOU & ME IN A PRETTY PARALYSING POSITION. SO DO WE JUST DO NOTHING? FUCK NO. BUT YOU HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF, ARE YOU IN PROTEST WITH A VIEW TOWARDS AFFECTING SOME SORT OF CHANGE, OR IS IT WITH A FOCUS OF PURE RESISTANCE? WHAT SORT OF CHANGE ARE YOU CAPABLE OF MAKING? WHAT ARE YOU RESISTING, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE DIFFERENT IN YOUR WORLD?



# ABANDON

ABANDON COME FROM GOTHEBORG IN SWEDEN AND PLAY POSSIBLY THE MOST DEPRESSIVE NIHILISTIC MUSIC I'VE EVER HEARD. I FIRST SAW THE BAND AT K-TOWN FESTIVAL HERE IN 2003, AT WHICH TIME THEY WERE A GOOD NEUROSISS-STYLE GLOOMY HARDCORE BAND. GOT THEIR FIRST ALBUM, IT WAS ALRIGHT, DIDN'T STAND OUT. FAST FORWARD TO OCTOBER 2004 AND I SAW THEM PLAY ~~IN~~ A PRACTISE SPACE SHOW AT ISLANDS BRYGGE, IN COPENHAGEN. ONE OF THE BEST SHOWS I'VE SEEN IN THIS CITY. THERE WERE MAYBE 20 PEOPLE PRESENT IN A DARK DIRTY ROOM, JUST ABANDON, NO OTHERS, FREE SHOW, NO CHARGE. THE SOUND WAS SO DEEP AND INTENSE THAT BOTH I & ED, AN IRISH FRIEND VISITING ME, GOT BAD FUCKING STOMACH PAINS. IT WAS A FUCKIN AMAZING GIG AND AFTERWARDS I BORROWED ENOUGH FROM ED TO BUY THEIR 2ND ALBUM, "IN REALITY WE SUFFER". SINCE THEN IT'S BEEN REGULAR LISTENING FOR ME AND HAS CONTINUED TO IMPROVE ALL THE TIME, PRETTY IMPRESSIVE FOR AN ALBUM OVER 70 MINUTES LONG. I'VE NEVER HEARD ANOTHER GROUP WHO CAN SO INTENSELY AND WHOLLY EMBODY THE NEGATIVE FEELINGS THAT RESIDE IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH. WHEREAS WHEN I FEEL SUCH SEETHING HATE AND RAGE IN AN ACTIVE WAY I LISTEN TO ~~CROSSED OUT~~, THIS IS WHAT I LISTEN TO WHEN I'M RESIGNED TO SUCH FEELINGS AS INEVITABLE AND INESCAPABLE. MAYBE SOME OF THE QUESTIONS IN RELATION TO ILLNESS AND SO ON SEEM OBVIOUS, BUT THE SHEER FORCE OF EMOTION IN THIS MUSIC COMPELS ME TO ASK ALL THE SAME. ABANDON OCCUPY THE SAME THRONE AS CORRUPTED, IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.

DARKNESS SURROUNDS US  
SOON WILL DESCEND  
GREY DECAY LIVING DEAD  
DARK ARE THE DAYS  
AHEAD

Q: CAN YOU GIVE ME A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BAND, RELEASES, ETC?

A: UHH, BAND STARTED IN 1998, WENT THROUGH SOME LINE-UP CHANGES IN 2000 AND RECORDED IT'S FIRST ALBUM "WHEN IT FALLS APART" IN 2001. NEXT ALBUM, "IN REALITY WE SUFFER", WAS RECORDED IN NOVEMBER 2002 BUT NOT RELEASED UNTIL 2004. OUR OLD FRIEND MEHDI VAFAEI JOINED IN 2004 PLAYING THE PUMP ORGAN, AND NOW WE'RE ABOUT TO RECORD OUR ~~THE~~ THIRD ALBUM. WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR NEARLY 3 YEARS, AND MY ~~MORE~~ HOPE IS THAT IT WILL BECOME SOMETHING PRETTY SPECIAL.

Q: I LIKED THE FIRST ALBUM ALRIGHT BUT THE SECOND ONE IS WHAT, REALLY MADE ME SHIT MY PANTS... THE SOUND ON IT IS AMAZING, DID YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME & MONEY ON RECORDING & EQUIPMENT AND THAT?

JOHAN KARLSSON, VOX INGVAR SANLGREN, GUITARS  
PANI COSIMI, DRUMS DAVID FREDRIKSSON, BASS, VOX

A: I THINK WE SPENT AROUND 10 DAYS RECORDING IT, WHICH FELT LONG COMPARED TO THE FIRST ONE, THAT WE DID IN TWO OR THREE, BUT

I GUESS COMPARED TO OTHER BANDS IT ISN'T THAT LONG. OUR NEW ALBUM SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG TO RECORD EITHER, OR RATHER IT JUST CAN'T SINCE WE DON'T HAVE THE MONEY FOR IT. ANYWAY, IT SUITS US ~~THE~~ PRETTY WELL TO WORK LIKE THIS. WE REHEARSE THE WHOLE ALBUMS UNTIL WE KNOW THEM REALLY WELL, AND THEN IT'S JUST BASICALLY PRESS RECORD AND GO FOR IT. WE DON'T DO ANY LAST MINUTE CHANGES IN THE

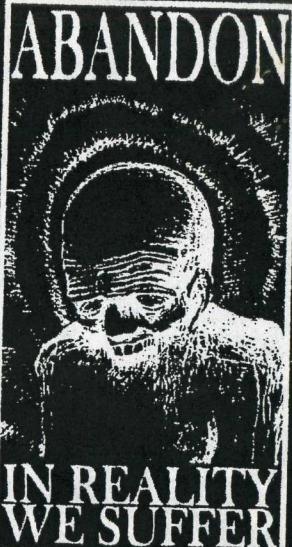
STUDIO, APART MAYBE FROM THE LAST UNTITLED TRACK ON I.R.W.S. WHERE WE KIND OF DRIFTED AWAY WITH THE RIFF.

Q: I HEARD ABOUT SERIOUS ILLNESS AMONGST MEMBERS OF THE BAND...

HOW DO YOU FEEL THIS AFFECTS YOUR MUSIC IF IT DOES? HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING. HOW STRONG AN INTERCONNECTION DO YOU RECKON THERE IS BETWEEN THESE REALITIES IN YOUR LIFE AND THE MUSIC THAT COMES OUT OF YOUSE?

A: IT'S NO PROBLEM, YES, TWO OF US GOT REALLY SICK THIS YEAR. OF COURSE IT AFFECTED THE MUSIC, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN OUR LIVES DOES. ANYWAY, BOTH OF US ARE PRETTY MUCH RECOVERED NOW, AND IN THE END MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF BEING ILL HAS FELT

BLACKENED SHATTERED DEAD  
CRIPPLED EXISTENCE NECRAWLED  
FOR CRUMBS SPILLED OUR BLOOD  
WE WASHED OUR TEARS  
IN DEDICATION



EXHAUSTED WITHIN CAN'T  
TAKE ANOTHER DAY HATE  
THIS WORLD AS HATE MY-  
SELF AS I HATE THE  
ONES WHO GAVE  
ME LIFE

Q: WHAT INSPIRES THE LYRIC  
WRITING PROCESS? HOW DO YOUR SONGS,  
MUSIC & LYRICS TOGETHER,  
COME ABOUT? DOES IT TAKE YOU A LONG  
TIME TO COME UP WITH STUFF?  
OR ARE YOU MORE PROLIFIC?

A: WELL, THE MUSIC GENERALLY  
STARTS OFF WITH SOMEONE COMING TO  
A REHEARSAL WITH ONE OR SOME  
RIFTS, OR SOMETIMES A WHOLE SONG.

WE'VE GOT A PRETTY STEADY FLOW OF MATERIAL COMING, BUT THE THING  
THAT TAKES TIME IS REHEARSING THE SONGS INTO THEIR PROPER STATE.  
USUALLY WE START OFF PLAYING THE SONGS IN NORMAL TEMPO (STILL

Pretty slow, I guess), and then as we get more comfortable with  
them they tend to drop in tempo. We really enjoy the massive  
feeling conveyed by playing this slow, I think it gives you the  
time to really absorb the energy of each riff. The lyrics are  
written by Johan and me, and we usually come along kind of  
natural with the music.

Q: WHAT DO YIS DO WITH YOUR LIVES OUTSIDE OF THE BAND?

A: IF YOU MEAN IN TERMS OF WORKING  
AND STUFF, WE'VE GOT A LITTLE  
BIT OF EVERYTHING. SOME STUDY,  
SOME WORK, SOME DO OTHER THINGS.

Q: YOU CAN MIRACULOUSLY CHANGE THE WORLD  
IN ONE WAY - WHAT DO YOU DO?

A: I MAKE PEOPLE APPRECIATE  
THEMSELVES MORE.

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SWEDEN  
WWW.BLACKSTARFOUNDATION.COM

MYSELF AND LIVING IN GENERAL. TO ME IT'S BEEN A VERY HELPING  
EXPERIENCE. ABOUT THE NEGATIVITY, HERE'S HOW I SEE IT: IT'S  
NOT AN UNCOMMON THING TO FEEL LIKE SHIT. EVERYBODY DOES IT,  
SOME MORE THAN OTHERS, AND EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT MUSIC IS ONE OF  
REALLY POWERFUL TOOLS WHEN IT COMES TO EXPRESSING AND GETTING RID

OF THOSE FEELINGS. LIKE A LOT OF OTHER BANDS, WE CONNECT TO THAT  
THERAPEUTIC ASPECT OF PLAYING & WRITING, AND IF YOU WRITE A SONG  
TO EXPRESS THAT YOU FEEL LIKE SLITTING YOUR WRISTS, THE SONG WILL  
SOUND TORTURED AND PEOPLE WHO SHARE SIMILAR FEELINGS WILL RELATE  
TO IT. HOWEVER, WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME IS TO KEEP IN MIND  
THE BIGGER PERSPECTIVE OF IT ALL, WHICH TO ME IS THAT IT'S ALL A

PROCESS. IT MAY TAKE YEARS TO CLEANSING YOURSELF OF WHATEVER IT IS  
YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, BUT IF YOU KEEP ON DOING IT I BELIEVE IT  
WILL PROVE A POSITIVE PROCESS. YOU'LL COME OUT ON THE OTHER  
SIDE. THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT GOING "THROUGH" STUFF. THEN IN ONE  
SHAPE OR ANOTHER THE NEGATIVITY MAY COME BACK INTO YOUR LIFE,

AND YOU WILL HAVE TO DO IT ALL AGAIN. I THINK THAT EVERYBODY DOES THIS IN HIS/HER OWN WAY, BUT NOT EVERYBODY IS AWARE THAT

THEY'RE DOING IT. THE TRICK (AND THE REALLY HARD PART) IS TRYING  
TO REMEMBER, EVEN IN YOUR SHITTEST HOUR, THAT YOUR TIME WILL  
COME AND HOW ALL THINGS ARE BOUND TO CHANGE.

SORRY FOR THE RANTING, I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT WE  
WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABOUT SUFFERING ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF SUFFERING.  
I GUESS IT DISTURBS ME, HOW SOME PEOPLE GLORIFY THINGS LIKE  
DEPRESSION AS BEING SOMETHING DESIRABLE, RATHER THAN SOMETHING YOU  
STRUGGLE YOUR WAY OUT OF AND AVOID. THESE ARE ALL JUST MY OWN  
REFLECTIONS, THOUGH.

SLEEPWALK YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS  
DYING HELL BEATEN DOWN  
BY THE INVINCIBLE PAIN  
THIS LIFE THE LIES  
REMAINING STAINS

SO THEN, WHAT ABOUT ORGANISED PROTEST, POLITICAL GROUPS AND THE SPECTRUM OF RESISTANCE ON THE LEFT IN GENERAL? WHAT DO THESE LARGE NON-ISSUE-SPECIFIC PROTESTS ACHIEVE/HOPE TO ACHIEVE OR FAIL TO ACHIEVE? I HAVE TO WARN THAT THIS PART MIGHT GET A BIT RANTY.

WHAT I MEAN BY NON-ISSUE-SPECIFIC PROTEST IS THINGS LIKE ANTI-WAR PROTESTS, ANTI-GLOBALISATION, ANTI-G8, MAY 1st, ETC DEMOS & PROTESTS, AS OPPOSED TO THE BAN LIVES EXPORTS PROTESTS DETAILED EARLIER, OR HUNT SABBING, DIRECT ACTION AGAINST ANIMAL ABUSE, OR ENVIRONMENTAL DESTRUCTION, OR IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE, AND SO ON.

INCREASINGLY OVER THE PAST 5 YEARS OR SO I'VE BECOME MORE AND MORE DISILLUSIONED WITH LEFTIST POLITICS & LOST MY PATIENCE WITH THEIR VARIOUS GROUPS AND PATHETIC PROTESTS. BUY OUR NEWSPAPER, WAVE OUR FLAG, FOLLOW THE LEADER ON A PRE-PLANNED PROTEST ORGANISED RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL, AND LISTEN TO A SPEECH AT THE END...FUCK OFF.

THE METHODS OF THE STATE TO DIVIDE & CONQUER RESISTANCE ON THE LEFT HAVE BEEN ALMOST UNIFORMLY SUCESSFUL.

WITNESSING THESE DICKHEADS ON THE LEFT DECRY EACH OTHER AT PROTESTS, MEETINGS AND ON INTERNET WEBSITES AS THEY TRY TO LEAD "THE MASSES" TO THE ONE TRUE FAITH IS ONLY MARGINALLY LESS PATHETIC THAN THE SAME BEHAVIOUR AMONGST THE VARIOUS CHRISTIAN

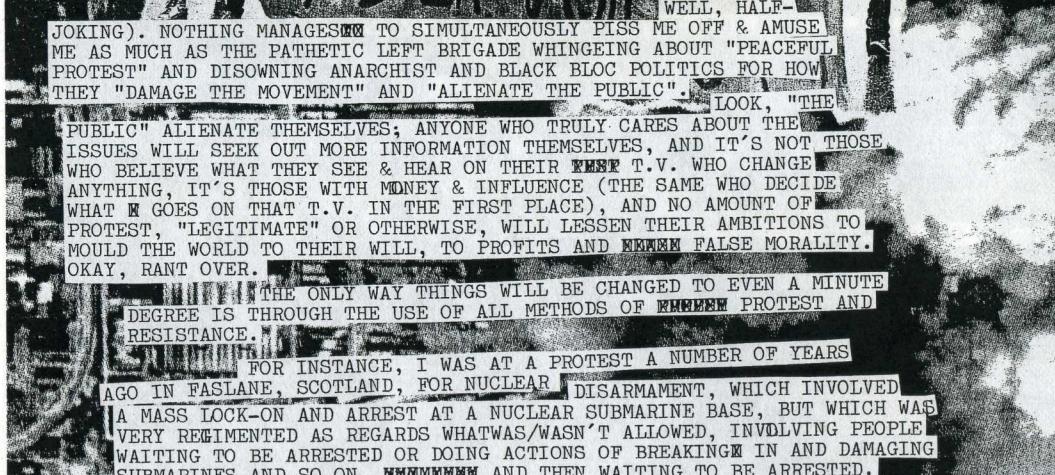
SECTS AND THEIR COMPETITORS WORLDWIDE, AND FAR LESS ENTERTAINING SINCE AT LEAST THOSE CRAZY FOOLS HAVE THE CONVICTION TO BLOW EACH OTHER UP (YES I'M JOKING YOU HUMOURLESS MOR(M)ON...).



WELL, HALF-JOKING). NOTHING MANAGES TO SIMULTANEOUSLY PISS ME OFF & AMUSE ME AS MUCH AS THE PATHETIC LEFT BRIGADE WHINEGING ABOUT "PEACEFUL PROTEST" AND DISOWNING ANARCHIST AND BLACK BLOC POLITICS FOR HOW THEY "DAMAGE THE MOVEMENT" AND "ALIENATE THE PUBLIC".

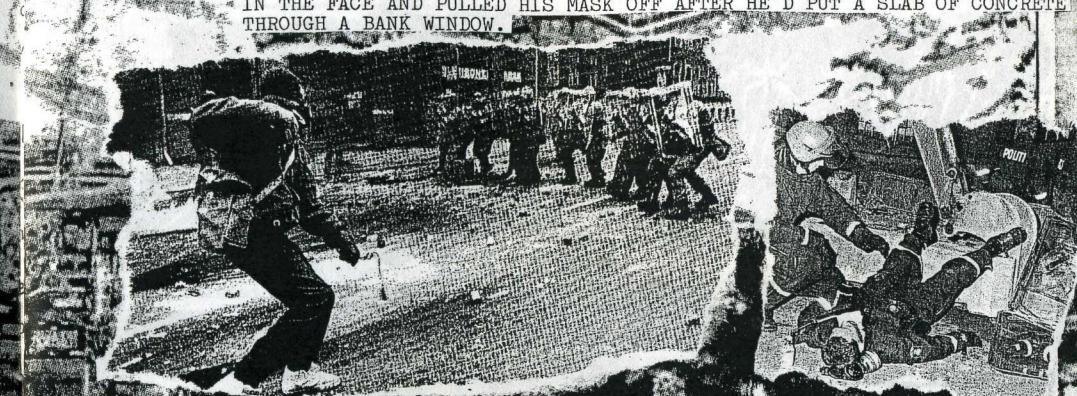
LOOK, "THE PUBLIC" ALIENATE THEMSELVES; ANYONE WHO TRULY CARES ABOUT THE ISSUES WILL SEEK OUT MORE INFORMATION THEMSELVES, AND IT'S NOT THOSE WHO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SEE & HEAR ON THEIR T.V. WHO CHANGE ANYTHING, IT'S THOSE WITH MONEY & INFLUENCE (THE SAME WHO DECIDE WHAT GOES ON THAT T.V. IN THE FIRST PLACE), AND NO AMOUNT OF PROTEST, "LEGITIMATE" OR OTHERWISE, WILL LESSEN THEIR AMBITIONS TO MOULD THE WORLD TO THEIR WILL, TO PROFITS AND FALSE MORALITY. OKAY, RANT OVER.

THE ONLY WAY THINGS WILL BE CHANGED TO EVEN A MINUTE DEGREE IS THROUGH THE USE OF ALL METHODS OF PROTEST AND RESISTANCE.



FOR INSTANCE, I WAS AT A PROTEST A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO IN FASLANE, SCOTLAND, FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT, WHICH INVOLVED A MASS LOCK-ON AND ARREST AT A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE BASE, BUT WHICH WAS VERY REGIMENTED AS REGARDS WHAT WAS/WASN'T ALLOWED, INVOLVING PEOPLE WAITING TO BE ARRESTED OR DOING ACTIONS OF BREAKING IN AND DAMAGING SUBMARINES AND SO ON, AND THEN WAITING TO BE ARRESTED.

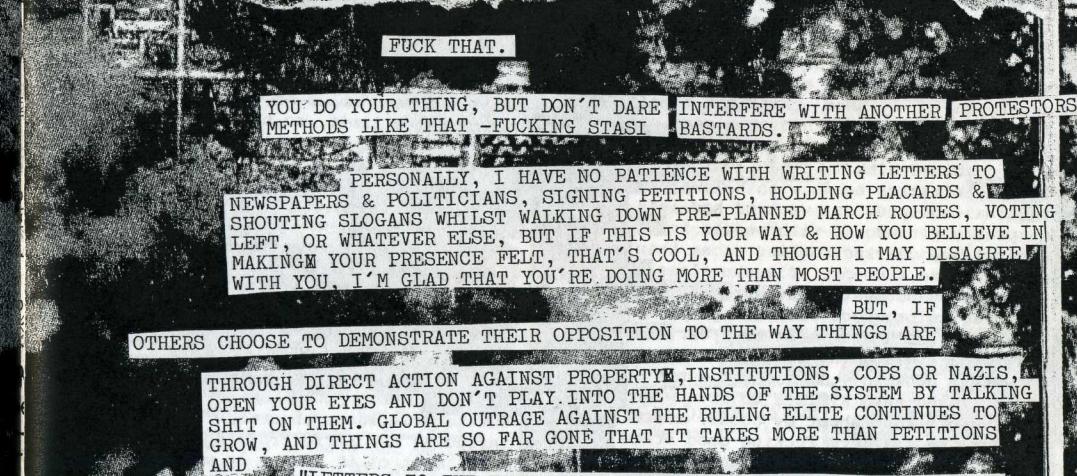
I JUST WOULDN'T WAIT TO BE ARRESTED, SO IT'S NOT FOR ME, BUT I CAN SEE WHY THEY'RE DOING THIS, AND THAT'S COOL, THAT'S THEIR WAY, BUT IT'S NOT FOR ME.



WHEN I WAS AT THE G8 IN GENOA SOMEONE FROM THE PEACEFUL PROTESTORS (WHO ARE FANATICALLY ANTI-VIOLENCE) GRABBED SOMEONE FROM THE BLACK BLOC ON FRONT OF ME AND STARTED PUNCHING HIM IN THE FACE AND PULLED HIS MASK OFF AFTER HE'D PUT A SLAB OF CONCRETE THROUGH A BANK WINDOW.

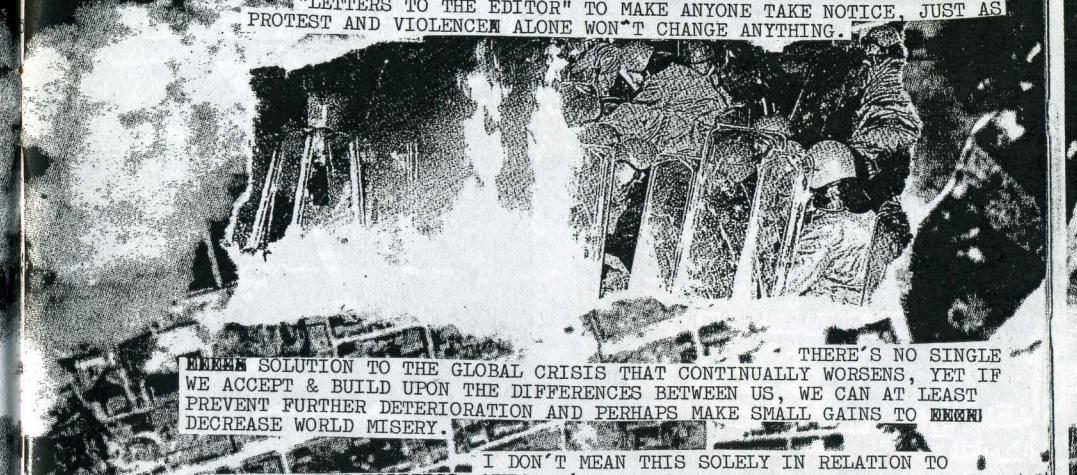
FUCK THAT.

YOU DO YOUR THING, BUT DON'T DARE INTERFERE WITH ANOTHER PROTESTOR'S METHODS LIKE THAT - FUCKING STASI BASTARDS.



PERSONALLY, I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH WRITING LETTERS TO NEWSPAPERS & POLITICIANS, SIGNING PETITIONS, HOLDING PLACARDS & SHOUTING SLOGANS WHILST WALKING DOWN PRE-PLANNED MARCH ROUTES, VOTING LEFT, OR WHATEVER ELSE, BUT IF THIS IS YOUR WAY & HOW YOU BELIEVE IN MAKING YOUR PRESENCE FELT, THAT'S COOL, AND THOUGH I MAY DISAGREE WITH YOU, I'M GLAD THAT YOU'RE DOING MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE.

BUT, IF OTHERS CHOOSE TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR OPPOSITION TO THE WAY THINGS ARE

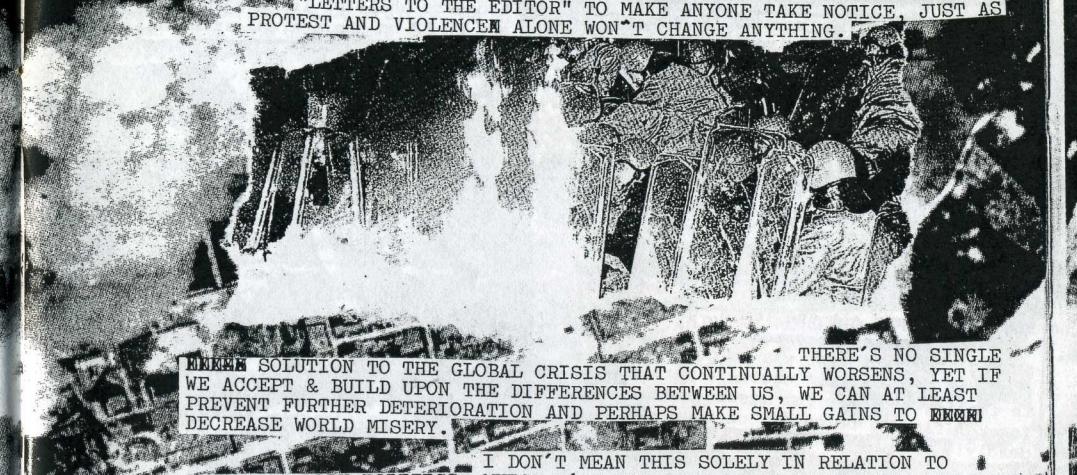


THROUGH DIRECT ACTION AGAINST PROPERTY, INSTITUTIONS, COPS OR NAZIS, OPEN YOUR EYES AND DON'T PLAY INTO THE HANDS OF THE SYSTEM BY TALKING SHIT ON THEM. GLOBAL OUTRAGE AGAINST THE RULING ELITE CONTINUES TO GROW, AND THINGS ARE SO FAR GONE THAT IT TAKES MORE THAN PETITIONS AND

"LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" TO MAKE ANYONE TAKE NOTICE. JUST AS PROTEST AND VIOLENCE ALONE WON'T CHANGE ANYTHING.



THE SOLUTION TO THE GLOBAL CRISIS THAT CONTINUALLY WORSENS, YET IF WE ACCEPT & BUILD UPON THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN US, WE CAN AT LEAST PREVENT FURTHER DETERIORATION AND PERHAPS MAKE SMALL GAINS TO DECREASE WORLD MISERY.



I DON'T MEAN THIS SOLELY IN RELATION TO PROTEST POLITICS, WHICH I'VE GOT VERY LITTLE TIME FOR, BUT MORE SO IN TERMS OF BUILDING ALTERNATIVES...

# NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR

NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR SUMMER TOUR MM '05

THURSDAY 30th JUNE - ALTERNATIV,  
LUEBECK.

CHRISTINA-GUITAR YOGI-DRUMS ADAM-VOCALS EYAL-BASS  
JAKOB-DRIVER/GROUPIE CORMY-GUITAR/VOCALS SORBA-DOG  
JEPPE-ROADIE/BUM

We'd agreed to meet at Ungdomshuset at 12am to pack the gear in the van from our practice room, so I got up at 10am after a night of fitful and feverish sleep courtesy of the cold/flu developing in my head - the first time I'd been really sick in over a year of living in Denmark (perfect timing). This combined with my organisational responsibilities to do with K-Town Festival the previous weekend had left me pretty pissed off with people in general and craving nothing other than solitude and a couple of weeks alone with books and music. Another encouraging prospect was that just the day before we'd been told that our trailerpark was going to be evicted in something between 4 days and 1 month - would I even have a place to live when I got back? What about my books, music, clothes, my trailer? Fucking good state of mind to be going on tour with, yeah?

So I actually managed to get my shit together and arrive just a few minutes after 12.00 instead of with my typical lateness. To add a little more fun to the occasion I'd totally fucked up my shoulder in K-Town Bike Wars the previous Sunday, and while I was lucky enough to be still able to play guitar just fine, lifting cabs and heads down 4 flights of stairs was a different matter altogether. We left at 2pm and gradually the deluge of snot from my nose began to ease off and the miserable weakness began to leave my body - it seemed all the lemon, ginger, vitamin C & other assorted shit I was poring down my throat was doing me good, or maybe I just couldn't persist in feeling so sorry for myself in the face of finally being off on tour - deadly!

Since I'd started playing in bands 7 or 8 years previously, doing a proper tour was always one of my dreams. Since with this & any other bands I'd been in, 5 or 6 days together had been the limit, to be going for almost 2 weeks was fuckin amazing. I'd worked & saved money and had finally got a fucking good amp head, cabinet and guitar that I could rely on, and now we all had good equipment and a full backline, a decent comfortable van with plenty of room, a demo tape out we were fucking happy with, plus nice patches and t-shirts...and it was a beautiful sunny day. Wait a minute, what the fuck am I whining about!?

The 1st show was in Lübeck in Northern Germany, about 5/6 hours including the ferry crossing, so I spent most of it sewing up my decaying trousers while we listened to hard rock and UK 82 on the stereo, arriving



around 8pm. We had a look around and drank some AfriCola while waiting for food. We were playing at Alternativ, a café, music venue & wagenplatz on a large site, squatted in 1978 and gradually legalised since then. The wagenplatz was beautiful, made me pretty jealous yet inspired thinking of the struggle ahead for myself and the others from our wagenplatz in Copenhagen in finding a new place to put our trailers. Really mindblowing to visit these places that you didn't even know existed, 100's of them scattered all around the country. Got a nice meal, vegan stew with plenty of tofu, hung out and listened to heavy metal for a few hours, then set up and soundchecked.

YOGI ON THE MIC



Managed to hold out on the beers and stuck to the AfriCola until an hour or so before we started the gig around 11pm. The atmosphere was nice & relaxed, a pretty small venue and it was quite full. There was a pretty good sound and we'd had a fucking great show - started off with the crowd hanging back with folded arms, ended with lots of dancing and us being called back twice for more songs and two of the audience taking the mics to do vocals on a cover of Police Bastard.

We'd flipped with ZUSCHANDEN to see who'd go first, so they were next. It was cool to see Julia again, who was playing guitar with them; the last time we were in Germany most of the shows were with APATIA NO, her other band, and we'd had a really good time drinking and getting into trouble.

ZUSCHANDEN were pretty good, neo-crust with a lot of time changes, grind parts, some melodic parts and all 4 members doing vocals, but they'd a lot of technical problems at the start. Julia broke a string & had to borrow my guitar since she uses a fixed-string tuning system and didn't have a key for it (the last time she'd done it was when we'd played together in Bochum 3 months previously - we must be bad luck), luckily they tune the same to us so it wasn't a problem, and after that they'd a pretty good show.

Ended up getting pretty fuckin pissed (hard not to since you've usually got free beer touring the squat circuit in Europe - found out later that bands get free spirits at this place too, and I didn't know -arse!), and after ZUSCHANDEN had finished, two of the guys touring with them got up and played guitar & drums punk rock karaoke.

I walked into the bar to see Yogi & Adam on stage screaming into a microphone wearing pink sparkly heart-shaped shades, and I think maybe I might have sung Kids In America and a few others...after numerous "one last" beers I made it to bed and had the best sleep in weeks.

NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR  
Crust aus Kopenhagen mit Udo Leutert



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...AND THE MORNING AFTER.





FRIDAY 1st JULY - TABULOS,  
NEUBRANDENBURG

Woke up around 10.30am feeling a fuck of a lot better than the day before, but I still hocked up about a gallon of green mushy shit over the next few hours. Hung out at the wagenplatz's café, Café Brazil, and drank plenty of hot lemon, ginger and garlic tea. There were photographs of some sort of aid project on the wall, so I asked about them; the café helps support this orphanage in Kenya, sends money and one of the guys running the café has been going back & forth working on projects there for 7 years with the same kids. I get so pissed off with the usual feelings that it's impossible to change anything, so it was fucking cool to see some people actually making a difference, seeing the pictures of the kids smiling and hanging out - fucking cool. With the way large charity organisations seem to piss away all their funds in such stupid Eurocentric ways it's nice to be reminded of the difference that can be made to the pain & misery of individual people's lives. Might seem obvious but that's just how I was feeling.

Had a nice breakfast and said our goodbyes to the Zuschanden heads and left for Neubrandenburg where we were playing that night. We got there at around 6pm after a 4/5-hour drive; the venue was a bit weird, this 1-story square building with hardly any windows in a run-down area by the train tracks.

We met the guy who was putting on the show and drank some coffee before getting a pretty nice dinner of potatoes, sauerkraut, some kinda creamy sauce, and a nice chili with tofu in it. Went to a supermarket and I robbed a bottle of whiskey to try and knock the sick out of me. It was still a few hours to the show so we took a few cold beers and went for a walk, spending a half hour or so acting like morons at a playground, great fun, Sorba going nuts.



FRIDAY 1st JULY - TABULOS,  
NEUBRANDENBURG

It was all a bit too much for my little old me (I felt like the kid with cancer who everyone has to be careful ten with when they're playing) and I felt totally fucked when we were walking back, all weak and dizzy, so I lay down for a while back at the venue. Still,enburg felt like shit when I got up, so it was holstn clear that only hot whiskeys, and lots of them, could save me. So a I filled a thermos with boiling water, lemon, sugar and some herbal tea shit from the kitchen and took it out to the van where the others were hanging out (it was a bit gloomy and weird in the venue). After a couple of goes of that shit with a generous helping of whiskey and the new SKITKIDS recordings on the stereo I was feeling just fine. The

others went into the venue but me & Yogi stayed in the van with ACCEPT & JUDAS PRIEST doing imaginary drive-by's on everyone going past with the stereo turned up to 11. I was getting pretty drunk by this stage and there were 2 other bands playing before us, so we decided that we'd better go back into the venue when the bands started.

REIGN OF BOMBS from Sweden were up first and played good rocking d-beat without too much of the TRAGEDY/FROM ASSES RISE neo-crust influence I was afraid they might have. The rest of the band were starting to get pretty drunk by now too and it seemed we were the rowdiest out of a pretty small & quiet crowd. BLACK STAR RISING, also from Sweden, were up next - kind of thrashy with one deep-vocalled singer and one scream-sounding singer, but I wasn't so much into them.

Both the other bands had taken a while to set up & play so we wanted to just set up and rock the fuck out as quickly as we could. I was fucking piss-drunk by this stage and the whiskey and beer was getting us all pretty riled up and ready to kick out the motherfucking jams. The atmosphere picked up a bit and people were into

it, I was fucking up a lot of my lead parts 'cos I was so pissed but it didn't matter cos we were rocking the fuck out. We all had a fucking great time playing and hit the boozie hard after, smoked some weed and hung out with the dudes from the Swedish bands gettin' rowdy, doing really fuckin dumb grafitti, Christina throwing and smashing glass bottles at me, just all generally making arses of ourselves. Smoked a few more bifties and went to sleep in the venue after more comedy with the Swedes.

SATURDAY 2nd JULY - G18, BREMEN.

Felt a bit better again this morning (hangovers aside), with the plan being to get on the road to Bremen ASAP since it was a 6-hour drive and we wanted to hang out with our friends there. Unfortunately all the breakfast food provided was non-vegan - lots of nice cheese, meat, milk & so on, but not so good with all 3 of the bands being vegan - shitty poo. So we went and got some spread and ate the bread, which was nice and fresh.

ROSTOCK My trowsers got another blitzkrieg of needle, thread and black denim so that my ass would stop falling out of them.. We got to Bremen at around 4.30pm and hung out in G18 drinking coffee and smoking a little weed with the ZUSCHANDEN folks & the various Bremen heads. We were also playing with our friend Francie's band, APOCALYPSICKS, also had Tatti from LOST WORLD in them, everyone seemed up for it & in a good mood so it looked



like it was going to be a good night. So we unloaded the van & hung out, a couple of our mates from Copenhagen showed up, and so the drinking started. APOCALYPSICKS wanted to play first and since we'd been before ZUSCHANDEN the last time, that meant that we'd be on last...oh-oh!! There were already quite a few people there when APOCALYPSICKS started, lots of cool spikes & leather punx. They were pretty good, had some parts that were really cool like AMEBIX or early KILLING JOKE or something, dark & atmospheric (they'd a keyboard player too), but I didn't really like the melodic & upbeat parts they also mixed in. ZUSCHANDEN were fucking cool, really enjoyed it, although my

enthousiasm was probably encouraged by the 1/4 bottle of whiskey & plenty of beers that had gone down my throat. So Simrishamn I was really fucking up for it by the time we started; the sound was decent but it was so fuckin hot that my fingers were slipping all over the fretboard, not helped by the fact that I was fuckin pissed, but it was okay cos we were all rocking out harder ever, so fucking good, that feeling when you're playing a good show and you can feel it, fuck, fuckin amazing. Dennis from a few nights previous took the mic for the DOOM cover again, fucking cool. By the end of the set I was so fucking drenched in sweat with the crowd totally going nuts. People kept shouting for more so we did a really sloppy SKITSLICKERS cover and fuckin slaughtered it - last time we commit such a crime. This show totally blew me away, so fucking good.

Afterwards it was just ridiculous, the bottle of whiskey got finished, more beer and we all got pretty fucked up. Some of the ZUSCHANDEN guys had some mushrooms and a couple of us took 'em but after a swaying both ways a couple of times I took the sensible option for once and slept in the van, since it's a pretty dodgy junky-area and we didn't want our shit robbed. Szczecinek

SUNDAY 3rd JULY - ROTA FLORA, HAMBURG.

Dunno what time I woke up, but I sat in the van for a while feeling all pissed off 'cos I somehow thought that the others had the keys & I couldn't leave the van. After an hour or so I realised I was sitting on the keys. Fucking knobhead. Felt pretty fuckin hungover, but the sickness & shoulder pain were definitely getting better. We got a fuckin deadly breakfast, two different tofu dishes, fresh baked bread, lots of fruit & coffee, fuckin amazing! This tour is the healthiest I've been eating since I don't know when. Hung out with Bubi, an old friend of the others who was really fuckin sound, talked about



GUIDED CRADLE IN HAMBURG

ate

Anti-Deutsche politics with him, Christina & Jakob for a couple of hours. It was a pretty good conversation, and after that we hung out, listened to music & smoked some weed.

We left by 4pm for Hamburg as it wasn't such a long drive. Spent most of the journey reading a funny but fucking arrogant interview with Kasper from NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS in a zine I'd picked up. Got to the venue by about 6pm,

unloaded the gear, drank a few Malz's and took a walk to this veggie/vegan restaurant nearby that some of the punx worked at. Some of the others ordered a few different things - hotdogs, burgers, tempeh, fries, etc - all vegan. so good, I think it was called Hin & Veg, check it out if you're ever at the Flora in Hamburg, it's just up the street.

Got a nice surprise when we met the people from GUIDED CRADLE, the Czech crust band were playing with. We'd heard good things about them, turned out it was an old friend from a few years back that both myself and the others knew separately, Ethan (their

singer/guitarist), a Scottish guy living in Prague who'd also played in DREAD 101 and put on shows there. I was feeling hungover as fuck by this stage, but I thought I'd drink a couple of beers anyway to cure myself, hair of dog and all that, so I started on that shit when we got our dinner at the venue. Amazing food, again - roasted potato wedges with garlic & spices, salad, and totally amazing soya chunks cooked & fried, sooo good, made myself sick eating too much when I knew I should stop... ug.

So I had maybe 3 or 4 beers before we played and felt totally sober. There weren't so many people there, we played first & were all pretty sober & destroyed after the night before. The room was so big that a lot of the sound seemed to get lost in the rafters, the P.A. didn't go so

#### PLAYING IN AZ MULHEIM



loud so I couldn't turn up my amp as loud as I wanted to, besides which it was giving me some hassle, I just couldn't really feel it, and besides that I thought I played like total shit. Messed up a lot of the leads, really hot & humid and I was sweating buckets and slipping all over the guitar...

Anyway, I was in a real pissed-off mood after the show 'cos I was so disappointed with how I'd played, but all the others felt we'd played fine and people afterwards seemed as if they were genuinely into it. Sold some tapes, t-shirts etc so I felt like maybe we hadn't played like total shit after all.

Anyway, I was still pissed-off so I smoked some joints & started drinking pretty fast even though I'd wanted to stay sober that night. GUIDED CRADLE started and I immediately started feeling better - so fucking

good, probably one of the best bands we've ever played with, strong 80's UK & Scando crust influence, reminded me a lot of HELLSHOCK in places, with really guttural vocals, kind of Japanese sounding. Some really fucking cool guitar leads and covers of ANTI-CIMEX & DOOM - fuckin perfect.

I rocked the fuck out & traded t-shirts with their guitarist, an American dude called Austin. So yeah, started getting pretty fuckin' drunk after their set, had a good time hanging out with them and some others, realised I was pretty pissed when I found how easily I was speaking German with some girls at the bar, smoked some more weed.

Some of the others were anxious to get to bed so we left the Flora pretty early, about 1.30 or something. Drove back with MOTORHEAD blasting on the stereo to Goran's apartment, the guy putting on the show, who lived over Uncle Otto's, a spot where some of the punx work and a traditional drinking spot for the Hamburg punx.

So Dom, a Canadian friend who'd been at the show and works at the bar, opened it up for us and G.C. & some of the others who'd been putting on the show and working at the Rota Flora. I thought I'd just drink ONE beer, smoke some hash and go to bed 'cos I really didn't wanna get too fucked up.

Turned out they had Strongbow cider there - you can't get any decent cider in Denmark so it was a bit fuckin' nice to get a cold Strongbow in a glass bottle out of the fridge... so naturally I couldn't have

just one... smoked some hash Dominique had found on the floor cleaning up the Flora, next cold shots of Jäger were being forced on me, and then it was only a short journey to vodkatown.

People had been gradually disappearing to the sleeping place and I was just about to make my exit when Ethan pulled out a fuckin litre of rum - "you're not going anywhere until we finish this off, cormy"... oh fuck... I tried to escape, I swear I did... but I was

forcibly put back in my chair with a glass of rum & cola. So it would have been very rude to leave anyway... ended up with just me, Ethan, Dom, Austin & one of the lads putting on the show in the bar drinking & smoking all sorts of shit, and the next thing I remember...

MONDAY 4th JULY - AZ MÜLHEIM, MÜLLHEIM,

...is being shaken awake into filthy wretched scumfucking consciousness to go back to the Flora for breakfast. I was still fuckin pissed as shit as we

drove there and I felt like I was fuckin dead, so there was nothing for it other than to put on some sunshades and drink a beer. Forced some breakfast into me and sat in the van and tried to

sleep. The booze was running out of my blood and I was trying to replace it with as much water as possible, not helped by it being another blazing hot humid day. I dragged myself out to say



ARRESTED & BEATEN IN MUELHEIM BY LENA & STACHEL SS

goodbyes before we left and found Ethan in a similar state to myself covered in a rash and totally fucked out of it... another victim of a booze raid... it was about 5 hours drive to Mülheim and I spent it in hell!

unsuccessfully trying to sleep and filling myself with water. Even though we had an extra passenger, a girl called Lena who was at the show and who we'd been hanging out & drinking with, the others were still being very understanding of my (self-caused) situation and let me get the back seat.

We arrived around 7pm after I'd died at least 5 times on the journey, drank some Malz and got a nice dinner, but I could hardly touch it since my stomach was so fucked.

The two Polish grind bands had cancelled so a local punk band was playing at short notice. I wasn't expecting anything; Monday night with a local piss-punk band, fuck it, let's just play.

We set up and I went out to the van with a beer to change my guitar strings and clean off the neck (fucking buried under grime & filth) from how intense & sweaty all the shows had been, which I suspected might have contributed to how shitty my sound & playing had been the night before.

While I was out at the van this nice chap called Jesse turned up, a guy I'd met when we played in a nearby city on the last tour and had been hanging out after the show and traded a few e-mails with since.

I'd been feeling really shit and not really up for talking to anyone but I started feeling pretty good after hanging out with Jesse and cleaning my guitar for a while. So we were totally expecting nothing, Monday night in a place we'd never played before, but then all these crusty punx started showing up, eventually more than 100 people.

So I started drinking a few beers and feeling better and the local band played, a 3 piece, I think they were playing covers with German lyrics. We set up and tried to get going as quickly as possible 'cos the

last train from nearby was at 12 and a lot of the people needed to get it. We had a pretty good sound, loud enough I think, and I felt so much better playing than the night before, I was amazed at the difference in touch & feel & responsiveness in my guitar after the clean-up & new set of strings.

It seemed the whole crowd were really fucking up for & going fuckin nuts and we had to go back twice and repeat songs when we exhausted all the covers & shit we knew, eventually just had to say no or we'd have needed up

repeating the whole fuckin set. We were totally blown away afterwards, fuckin Monday night, fuckin amazing! Sold 18 tapes and a load of t-shirts & patches, I was a bit shell-shocked by it all. I was talking to Jesse afterwards asking if this was normal there and he said that some of the people who had been at the show in Bochum on the previous tour had told all their friends how much they'd enjoyed it, who'd then all shown up. Pretty overwhelming.

We'd a fuckin great time afterwards, drinking lots of beer, slot of really nice people there (except for one very obviously communist dude working behind the bar who was making a big show out of demonstrating just how unimpressed he was with us and our kind), smoked some weed, hung out with Stachel, Lena and Anna, this girl who'd put on the show for us last time in Bochum, rocked out to Iron Maiden & The Darkness in the bar until about 4am with Mike, a friend of Adam's who shares his infatuation and collector-nerdship over Iron Maiden and lives in the area.

There was this big group (maybe the word is pack!) of crazy Polish crusties there dancing on tables and puking and pouring beer all over each other and I think some of them smashed up a room in the place somewhere too (not fucking okay). fuckin mad cunts. Lots of dogs too, naturally. We eventually went to the sleeping place around the corner sometime after 4am and everyone was in pretty high spirits. Eyal couldn't be dissuaded from repeated attacks and wedgie-attempts upon my good self; my only defense was to fight wedgie with wedgie, and luckily he was that much more drunker than me that his underwear and crotch-area were soon laid to waste.



Delightfully, the Polish crusties were staying there too, having recently been evicted from their trailerpark. Sometime after the lights were off there was a lot of noise and giggling and soon the unmistakeable sounds of fucking. The funny thing was that until the next day no-one knew who it was - I thought it was Eyal and the girl he was with, or maybe the Polish or else Christina & Jakob; Eyal thought it was me & someone from earlier; C & J thought it was Eyal. But no, it was Poland. Funny shit.



TUESDAY 5th JULY - HAUPTQUARTIER, AACHEN.

Got a pretty good sleep and woke without any real hangover - another reminder, stay off the hard shit and you'll be fine. The Polish fuckers had gone but Eyal was still up for revenge so I needed to watch my ass pretty closely. We went down to AZ after getting ready and whadayaknow - another

amazing breakfast being served up to us - "N.D.T. Bastards of Obesity Tour '05". After we'd stuffed ourselves Eyal was keen on me to make the DIY tattoo gun we'd been talking about so that we could make some dodgy tour tats. So we collected all the stuff we needed and I broke up my walkman for the motor. It was all workin out fine, looked like it'd be pretty good until we broke a wire off the motor while stripping the insulation from it. Tried to find a soldering iron but it was no use. Hung out with Jesse again for a while before we said our goodbyes and went over to Stachel's place to burn some CDs before we left (we were fuckin bored of the few CDs we'd brought). Constantly listening to THE WIPERS from here on in. Hung out there a little and then left for Aachen, not such a long drive, maybe 2 hours? Went to Vals, near Aachen, to the promoter's squat and got a really nice stir fry with rice & tonnes of soya chunks - yummy! Offered some nice beers but decided to leave it until later after some disapproving looks off the others... eep!

Went to the HSN, a small pub in the city, seemed fucking cool. This old rocker guy called Charley ran the place alone and was fuckin cool, it was this seriously tiny little place, so we set up the gear & got drinkin. Philthy Phil soon showed up, took him fuckin 4 hours to get there from Liege cos of the crappy bus system. We hung out and had a good laugh, hadn't seen him in a few years, nice to run into someone with a similar (abusive) sense of humour. VISIONS OF WAR were supposed to play but had to cancel, so a death/black metal band who were friends of Philthy's were playing instead. We really expected no-one there, so it was cool when a few people started to show up. The metal band played and weren't so good, but for some reason we were all really keen to

play & ready to get into it, and when we played we'd a fuckin great time. Maybe 4 or 5 people were actually into it but despite that we were all just really feeling it and rocking the fuck out, tight as fuck, just really good fun and it didn't matter a shit that no-one cared much. Actually I suppose we were all actually piss-drunk, so that helped.

After the gig was fuckin hilarious, first of all it was us & Philthy huddled round the pot of leftovers fishing for soya chunks and fighting like vultures, and then we decided to drive to Liege & stay there that night so we wouldn't have to drive and could just hang out for the whole next day. Only problem was that we were all completely pished (except Jakob). Extra problem was that the singer from the metal band, this huge dude with hair going beneath his ass, was coming

too, along with Philthy, and they were both REALLY pissed. Me & Jeppe sat in the back seat drinking & laughing our asses off at the Belgian metal dude & Philthy, metal dude kept falling around and spilling his beer and cursing loads, and Philthy was telling him to cop on ("here, fucking grow up or I'll burn your hair off and you'll be a skinhead"). To add a little extra fun we were nearly out of gas, running on fumes and unable to find a single gas station that was open. Jakob wasn't finding shit quite so hilarious. He was going pretty mental actually. After the 4th or 5th gas station a security guy turned up after we'd been taking a piss. Everyone tried to talk to him at once and freaked him out, but then he saved our asses by paying for our gas with his credit card, which we paid to him in cash - nice guy.

After that it was boring, only me & Jeppe were awake and drinking, and then he wasn't sitting in the back anymore, so no more fun. We got to the squat in Liege and met Belinda & Arno who showed us to our sleeping space where we crashed out.

Wednesday 6th JULY - COLOR CAFÉ, LIEGE.

Got a good sleep, but my throat was fucked when I woke up. Went down to the kitchen where breakfast was already prepared for us - yeahaw!! Lots of coffee and food, so we hung out & chatted with a few of the heads staying there for a few hours before going into town. I'd sold a zine the night before all I had do was borrow a euro off Christina and ta-da: new underwear!! What a relief.

We walked around for a while and found a record shop that didn't look that great but decided to have a look all the same - big mistake, they'd so much cool shit and I didn't have a penny. There was a copy of the 2nd pressing of the DOOM Police Bastard

I think we all enjoyed the show but it certainly wasn't our best, and I could really feel & hear that I was starting to have serious problems with my throat... so afterwards of course I made sure to do a lot of drinking, smoking and shouting to improve matters. Well I hung out & drank there for a good while talking to different people.

PRAGA

7" with the extended inlay, alternative cover & added info for €10 that I found & really wanted but had to give up to Eyal cos it was just too much for me. Ended up borrowing €40 all the same from Jakob to buy some CIRCLE JERKS, DEFIDANCE & DISCHARGE LPs - fuckin nice. The others all got good shit too.

We were a bit late back and I really wanted to make some lemon & garlic tea for my throat, so the others went on ahead. Because the van had to be driven back and we were getting a lift from there to the venue I was able to stay & drink tea & chat with Belinda & a guest from Portland staying at their place for a while, which was nice. Got to the venue and it seemed pretty good, a small bar with a nice upstairs cafe area. Got a great dinner, noodles & tofu with a really nice coconut milk sauce, and started off the festivities



VISIONS OF WAR IN LIEGE

with a few glasses of wine (we're in Belgium fer Chris's sakes!) and a little weed (until the others noticed and took the joint off me so I wouldn't be too monger before the show - boo!). Started on the beers, we got some real nice weissbier, fucking great, and I was fairly getting there by the time VISIONS OF WAR started. I'd been really looking forward to it and they played well but people didn't seem all that wa Sól [Lesz] much into rockin out - oh well. Nice cover of Fight Back too, and one of He Realities of War which I initially mistook for an ANTI-CIMEX song (oh how embarrassing).

The sound was okay but not loud enough 'cos the P.A. couldn't match our guitar amps, so we had to keep them turned down to be able to hear the vocals - grrrr!! Anyway, we set up & started, it went pretty WELL and people seemed to enjoy it but I smashed a couple of my beers from rocking too hard and they nearly went into my cab.

I think we all enjoyed the show but it certainly wasn't our best, and I could really feel & hear that I was starting to have serious problems with my throat... so afterwards of course I made sure to do a lot of drinking, smoking and shouting to improve matters. Well I hung out & drank there for a good while talking to different people.

We'd passed this amazing-looking abandoned hospital near Arno & Belinda's squat earlier and had to decided to break in that night and explore the place. Some Aussie punx who'd e-mailed me for a place to stay & who I'd met and hung out with at K-Town, were currently staying in Liege, so they & Nina, a friend from before, had already been in and checked it out that afternoon to see how safe it was(n't). Since they knew what the story was they were the expedition leaders.

Got a posse together to go and check it out, there was 13 of us in total when we counted before going in. So we got there & had a bit of a hard time getting over the fence & in 'cos everyone was so pissed. Eventually we all got in, but Dom fucked up his foot getting in & stayed outside with Eyal. It was spooky as hell, completely pitch dark and we'd only one or two flashlights. We were all trying to scare each other and some people were getting really freaked out.

We later found out that Jeppe, Eyal & Dom had sneaked off and were smashing up windows & masonry to freak everyone out (it worked) and as soon as I copped on to what was going on me & Adam started trying to spook everyone from the inside ("how many people are we?", "isn't it fourteen?", "no, it's twelve", "wait, where's ---?", "WAIT...! What was that?"). Fuckin hilarious. Jumped out on this American girl Christina & she nearly shat her

pants, heh... Ended up with me hiding in there all alone sneaking around in the dark trying to find Eyal and scare the shit out of him, who was trying to do the same to me. I ended up freaking the shit out of myself with my heart thudding in my ears and ran out as fast as I could tripping over shit. What a moron. Some boring wusses wanted to go to sleep but the hard core went to an all night shop & someone bought me beer -yeow! Went back to the squat to party on, got more pissed and ended up in an agreeable situation of filthiness.

#### THURSDAY 7th JULY - LIEGE.

Woke up with my throat in tatters but feeling pretty good about the prospect of a day off in Liege. Messed around in bed for a while and started the day off with plenty of coffee and a big joint.

Again had a great breakfast prepared for us (come on guys, you're taking the piss now, scumbags like us don't deserve this good treatment), and so we spent the morning hanging out with Belinda & Arno and drinking tea to soothe my throat. We wanted to make a nice dinner that night since we were all pretty uncomfortable with being

treated so well & having cooked so little & eaten so well over the previous week. We decided to go with a classy Mexican ensemble, so a few people went to buy the food whilst others went to check their e-mail & shit - I stayed and read zines in the squat for a while and then me & Yogi made some pot tea and drank it with Jeppe 'cos I felt like being fuckin stoned but didn't want to fuck me throat up more with smoking.

Well, we got stoned, and then started smoking anyway, so fuck my throat. But I'm DEFINITELY wasn't drinking. We went over to the venue to pack the gear into the van, and then drove to Philthy's place, the Posh squat (with electricity and water and all) to make the food. Heard that London got bombed by terrorists so we watched it on telly. Every time Blair & Bush and all them cunts came on screen some froggy bastard drowned it out in French. So we started on the food and it was lookin good -litres of guacamole, tonnes of chili, masses of rice, tortillas, vegan sour cream, 3 different salads...fuck.



DINNER IS SERVED, LIEGE...

There wasn't room enough inside so we set up a massive table out the front & all dressed up nicely in drag. A stereo speaker and some salsa music plus a nice set up at the table made everything just right (after a little appetising joint). Philthy had a crate of red wine being sold as a benefit for the house, so me & Jeppe decided to get a little bottle of red, just to go with our dinner...the meal was

amazing...there was 14 or 15 of us and I can't remember when I last had such an amazing meal with such a great atmosphere, feeling so comfortable & relaxed, in such good company. I was just sitting there thinking how amazing it was, how all this shit works. Fuck the world, DIY punx are my family.

So...me & Jeppe had another wee bottle since the first had gone awfully fast. After a second helping, a big joint & some nice banter round the table it started to rain, so we brought everything inside and sat down with some good music. Kept on drinking & smoking and had a really interesting

(but scary as fuck) conversation with Belinda & Arno about their & our past supernatural experiences in different places (fucked up shit), and then about politics & resistance, protest in general. Smoked some more joints, drank plenty of wine, rocked out to QUEEN on the stereo and went back to Arno & Belinda's around 1.30am. Some were pretty tired & went to bed, a few of us stayed up drinking & smoking and I'd some really good conversations with Eyal & Adam.

Me & Jeppe had wanted to go back and sleep in the haunted hospital after our earlier conversation to \*really\* scare the fuck out of ourselves, since we'd agreed that there had been too many of us the previous night to get proper freaked, but we had to leave early the next morning, plus everyone reckoned that sleeping there would probably make me more sick, so none of the others were very happy with our decision...after a lot of arguing, we decided not to do it, but we were a bit pissed off. It was probably just as well, we were very drunk...though it would have been fucking cool...went to bed sometime after 4am...

#### FRIDAY 8th JULY - SILBERBURG, NURTINGEN.

Got up shit-early and feeling like total cack...the others had been to a fleamarket but had left me sleeping, thank fuck. My throat was more fucked than ever and I felt TOTALLY shite, we had to drive 6 or 7 hours to Stuttgart, play, then leave right after to go back the opposite way to Berlin the following day for our show there, another drive of about 10 hours...and we were playing with an emo band. Great.

Shitty journey, got there at about 7pm and I could hardly talk. Tonight I'm DEFINITELY NOT DRINKING. Turned out we were playing in a town called Nurtingen, near Stuttgart. The place seemed nice enough but I was just so fucked I couldn't get my shit together, all I could do was drink lemon & garlic tea to try and get my voice back. Smoked a joint with Yogi

'cos I'm a stupid cunt. The food prepared was alright but there wasn't so much of it. The guys putting on the show seemed genuinely nice but I just felt like such a cock 'cos I couldn't even hang out & talk to them, couldn't enjoy myself cos of my throat, couldn't enjoy myself cos I was so sick & tired.

Hadn't been able to sleep in the van. I got to check my e-mail and was totally lifted by an e-mail from Rosita, another trailer-parkie, telling me that it looked like we'd be able to move our whole wagenplatz to Christiania -fuckin amazing! This totally brightened me up but I still felt really shitty.

We set up & played but I was just so

fucked...I tried to do vocals but I sounded like a fuckin frog so I just concentrated on my guitar. Felt weird. I couldn't get into it at all like usual, so frustrating, I was still able to feel it at certain parts, but it wasn't the same.

Oh, and I didn't have a single drop of alcohol, which definitely contributed to worse playing. But they had these amazing banana-juice-with-a-dash-of-cherry drinks they were serving to us by the pint...amazing...like a massage in my torn-up throat...

Anyway, shitty gig, felt & sounded weird since I'm usually doing just less than 50% vocals but now was doing none, and also very few people seemed much into it. The sound was okay.

The emo band, DESPERADO, played next. They put on a good show & people were into it but they made such an act out of all the "spontaneous" parts and seemed to be trying so hard to convince that they were such a crazy bunch of hombres that I couldn't get it at all. We were all fucked out of it and none of us could much stand them, felt like rockstar bastards, all of us sitting down the back of the venue, but fuck it, none of us are into emo.

My throat was so fucked & I was so disgusted with myself over my shitty/non-existent vocals that I even refused an after show joint. Jeppe had rolled...yeah, big deal...pretty much, for me.

We packed up and left right after. I was glad to get the back seat with Sorba so I could hopefully get some real sleep on the way to Berlin.

Only good thing about this show was the banana juice and finding a copy of the Crust War Konton Damaging Ear Massacre LP in the distro of a dude at the show.



#### SATURDAY 9th JULY - KASTANIE 85, BERLIN.

We drove all night and stopped somewhere in the early hours for Jakob to get some sleep. Me & Sorba shared that back seat once again and spent the night shoving each other around with the sociable wee bastard climbing all

over me everytime I dosed off, so I seemed to spend the whole night in a twilight wake/sleep. I was totally fucked the next morning and couldn't even get out of the van for breakfast (which the guys putting the show on the night before had left for us to bring), so I spent the whole rest of the way to Berlin drifting in & out of sleep.

We got there in the early afternoon and stopped to take a look around a huge flea market. I felt like total shit, sick as a dog, and I'd almost totally lost my voice, stumbling around hocking up big green tennisballs of snotty phlegm out of my chest. Had to go running to Uncle J to borrow another €10 when I found a fuckin nice black denim jacket and argued the guy selling it down to €10 from €20, and again when I found an old FLIPSIDE comp with the NECROS, FREEZE, F.U.s, GBH, MISFITS etc on it for €5. And all the shit I had to pass on...fuck.



ADAM DRESSING TO IMPRESS THE LADIES IN LIEGE

We went back to the van and I was more fucked than ever. Two more brief stops before me went to the venue and I had to stay in the van and try to sleep both times. When we got to Café Morgenrot I was dying and just wanted to find somewhere to sleep before the show or I reckoned I wouldn't be able to play, and this was one we'd really been looking forward to, with a lot of our friends going to be there.

So I was shown to one of the rooms in the apartment block beside the venue, previously squatted and now rented for cheap, loads of beautiful apartments with a courtyard in the middle, two sides of it housing queers only. It was the flat of a really nice Argentinean girl called Augustina we were staying at, so I went to sleep there at around 4pm and was woken for food around 8pm feeling about a million times better, no overstatement.

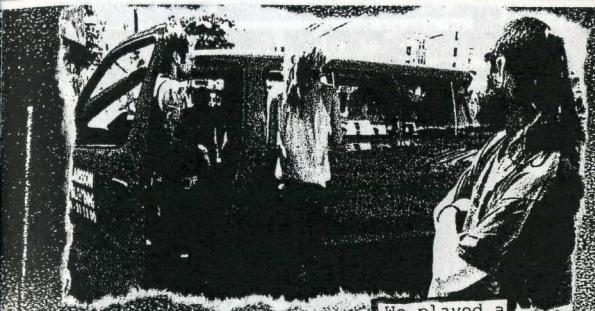
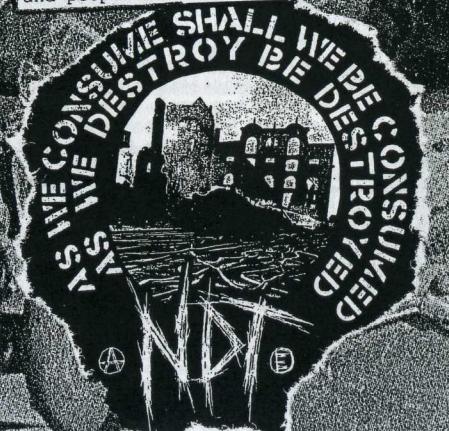
Fucking AMAZING food. Salad, pasta & an amazing main dish of spinach, soya cream and TONNES of tofu -enough so that when we were eating the leftovers after the show later on it was scraps of spinach amongst loads of tofu! Fuck! Got a nice cool beer and sat outside, there was a queer party on with a raised wooden dancefloor and proper music & ballroom dancing and so on, it was fuckin deadly.

So I watched that for a while enjoying my dinner & a cold beer and testing my voice out to see whether I'd be able to do vocals okay. Went inside and tortured myself looking through distros. Just barely stopped myself borrowing more from Jakob. We were played with DROWNED IN BLOOD from Hamburg & DET SISTA KRIGET from sweden (DISFEAR with a different singer). Started getting in the mood for the show whilst talking to the others and decided fuck my voice, I was gonna scream my throat to pieces, puke my

guts up and worry about it the next morning. Went outside to sit down and drink a few at the café before the show and Lena was there -cool! And she'd brought cake to thank us for giving her a lift to Mülheim, an AMAZING vegan cream sponge cake, REALLY amazing (so we offered to bring her to Rostock the next day too!). Soon there were dozens of our friends from Copenhagen and elsewhere turning up and I was really getting in the mood (glug glug).

In just after DROWNED IN BLOOD started and they were fuckin cool. Crusty death metal with awesome guitar leads and deep unholy vocals, something like a crustier BOLT THROWER. Fuckin' nice. The sound was well good, we were on next and with both us & DISFEAR's gear onstage we were all playing through massive stacks -fuck I love big amps...YEAH DUDE. We set up quickly cos we were on a deadline for the show to be over at 1am.

I was pretty nervous as we started as to whether my voice would hold...click on the footswitch...distortion feedback wailing...1-2-3-4...one guitar starts... "UOOAH!!", fuck yeah, my throat wasn't perfect but it was working. Adam's throat was also getting quite fucked by this stage but it was working and we were fucking rocking out and people were into it.



We played a good show, straight through with only 2 or 3 stops, but we'd only been on about 20/25 minutes when we were told we'd absolutely no more time & had to stop. Really shitty cos we'd only one song left on the set-list and no warning, so we'd no chance to thank the people who'd cooked the food & put on the show and say that it was the final song, plus it was one our favourite songs we had for last. Lots of people shouting for more but the dude was saying no way so we had to just pack up rather than disrespect his wishes. Bit of a shitter but what can ya do.

Sat down as a few litres of sweat ran out of me, fuckin disgusting trousers like an oil slick with the combined sweat & filth, it was so hot in that basement. Went to the bar and got a glass of vodka cos they'd no whiskey (to ease my throat) and sat on the balcony to watch DISFEAR. Lasted about 5 seconds on the balcony after they started, fuckin amazing, had to get a bit closer.

The fuckers laid fucking waste, the place was totally packed and everyone went nuts, holy shit, they played a lot of stuff from their earlier recordings and finished up with BOMBANFALL & DISCHARGE covers. So good. So much better than when I'd seen them in the past with their usual singer -fuck yes. Went outside to cool off & drink some more beers. Ran into Noska who helped us with the DIY tattoo workshop at K-Town and told him about

my problems with the machine we'd been building & he told me what I should do -cool, maybe we could rock the tour tats after all! Ifi who put on the show really needed to go home quickly so we got our shit together and he sorted out a bit of smoke for me & Yogi. I was saying 'goodbye' to people and next thing everyone's disappeared except Adam -what the fuck? "Oh, they left". Shit...ah fuck it, I didn't really wanna go, I'd rather hang out and get pissed anyway.

Drank, got wasted, started doing a bit of kissing and wanted to go back with all of the others to Riegerstrasse, but I decided the others would be pissed

off with me if I wasn't there in the morning since we'd arranged for breakfast at 12. Thought about it, made my mind up both ways 10 times, and decided I'd better stay...shit...stayed and drank with Adam, Ida and Samantha (who used to sing for URO, Christina & Adam's old band) but pretty soon the glass of vodka caught up with me and I sloped off to bed in Augustina's apartment.

SUNDAY 10th JULY - ROSTOCK.

Woke up feeling fine & dandy (I guessed as a result of the extra sleep the day before and a relatively low alcohol intake) and had a nice sit down in the sun through an open window to write for a while. Augustina woke up and came in and we'd a nice chat & plenty of tea. She was really friendly and kind, really nice, so we just chatted quietly until people came to make breakfast (Dara from the States & Christina from Sweden) turned up to make breakfast.



Adam, Ida & a Norwegian girl were staying in the apartment too, and still asleep, so I nearly fuckin broke my arse laughing when Dara opened a corked champagne-style bottle of beer with an enormous "BANG!!" and Adam shot up out of bed (he was the only one still asleep) head swiveling from side to side and eyes wide open in terror, as if to see who was shooting at him. His confusion & my laughter died down after a minute or two and pretty soon we all went down to partake of the most excellent breakfast made for us.

Holee shee-it. I think this one was even better than Bremen. Amazing. Tofu, fried potatoes, 3 different spreads, a mountain of pancakes, bread, juice, fruit, a beautiful salad and even more besides...fuuuuck. Again I was totally blown away. All a bit too overwhelming for this wee shite from the bogs. Not too overwhelmed to forget to stuff my face, though. All the others were late as fuck and didn't really get too much of the good stuff, they'd gone to a market to check out the Yellow Dog shop & had returned with dozens of amazing

exotic new crust 7"s...bastards. Jealous as fuck. Lucky I wasn't with them though since I would only have ended up borrowing myself into further debt. Eyal got a deadly SKITSLICKERS patch I'd been wanting for ages...bastard!

We'd a bit of a discussion/argument before & after loading in the gear about what to do. We hadn't gotten directions to the venue in Rostock, so we needed to leave before too late, and I REALLY wanted to go over to Riegerstrasse to try and meet Noska so he could show me exactly what the problem with the tattoo machine was, and a few people wanted to go back to the market, but since the others were so late for breakfast we didn't have so much time. Eventually I got my way after getting in a bad mood (hahah) and we went back over to Riegerstrasse after saying goodbye to Jeppe & Sorba who were leaving us here. Got directions to Noska's place, but they didn't work, and Christina went check the internet for directions to the place in Rostock.

So we left without too much delay and got to Rostock in 2/3 hours, where we then drove around looking for likely posters for the show and had a brief scare in which we thought there was a poster for the show with a silhouette of a fuckin bird on it (if I see another fuckin crust band with a fuckin bird for it's logo I'll go fuckin mental). We saw a richtig Deutschpunker auf die strassen and sent Yogi out to talk to him...no dice. So we found a netcafé instead and eventually found out the name of the venue and the area of the city it was in & cruised around there until we saw a totally fucked building covered in dodgy graffiti and checked it out.

ILLEGAL ENTRY TO THE HAUNTED HOSPITAL...

So we went in and there were about 6 alcopunks & 20 dogs in a very dirty garden/yard out the back who obviously hadn't been expecting anyone. There weren't any posters or food or anything, but we were told to wait and that Tommy would be along soon and he'd sort it out.

#### WALL MURAL IN BELINDA & ARNO'S KITCHEN

So we went out to the van and discussed the possibilities: maybe the show was on somewhere else; maybe everything was fine and Tommy would explain it all; maybe there was no show. A few other people turned up while we waited but to be a snobby bastard about it, none of them really inspired confidence in us that a good show was about to happen.

So Tommy shows up: "Hi!" - "Eh, hiya..." - "So, you guys want to play a show for us here?" - "Em, well, yeah...but..." - "Cool, cool, no problem, we can do a show!" - "Well we were actually supposed to have a show booked here..." - "Huh?" - "Yeah..." - "Well, this is the first we've heard about it, but that's cool, you can play here." - "Em,

do you have a phone we can use?". So we phoned Ifi in Berlin who'd also sorted out this show for us...he'd gotten a friend from Rostock to do it, who'd gotten in touch with the people at this house, who said that they'd take care of it. Flakey bastards - no one had a clue about it. So Tommy said that they'd do the show and we could get some beers & they'd give us €10. We said we needed a few minutes to get our thoughts together...

We discussed it...since we were already totally fucked and had the opportunity to just go and get the ferry and be home much earlier, and considering there'd be about 10 people at show, with it not being terribly likely that any of them were big fans of brutal crust nonsense, and with me & Adam's throats in tatters, all of us except Christina weren't really up for it.

So 2 drunk guys came out and explained that they'd cleaned out the bar and we could start bringing our gear in, and we tried to tell them in German that we'd decided to go home 'cos we were sick and had

just had a couple of hard weeks on tour, but they totally weren't impressed. It was cool that they were up for doing a show for us and all, and if it had been any show other than the last one of the tour then there wouldn't even be a discussion about it, but we were totally fucked and decided we just wanted to go home.

As we tried to explain it one of the lads turned to the other and, thinking we wouldn't understand, in a real sarcastic way, said something like "Ich denke unsre haus ist zu klein fur ihr" - "I think our house is too small for them"...oof! To be fair we did kind of feel like rockstar bastards but we were all fucked. I think Christina was fairly pissed at the rest of us, which was fair enough in it's own way, but either nobody got the joke or just didn't find it funny when I suggested we should have given them some free patches before we left...

#### AZ MULHEIM

We decided to finish the tour off by getting some nice food & a beer somewhere rather than just get the ferry, so we drove around and found a chinese place with 4 different tofu dishes. I had a bit of a freak-out when I was trying to explain in German what we wanted & thought everyone was laughing at me at some joke in Danish (I don't have much confidence in speaking other languages, until after a few drinks at least). Since I was feeling a bit cabin-fevered with not being part of most of the banter in the van since it was all in Danish, I was all like "okay, fuck all o' youse, yis can fuckin learn to speak fuckin German yoursleves if you're just going to laugh at me" and walked out. It was fine after 10 minutes except for that

Eyal reckoned the Chinese lady thought it was all her fault cos she couldn't speak good German...shit.

Well, the food was really really good, and for 6 full dishes, beers & a big extra plate of noodles it was around €30, which you'd easily pay twice over for that in Denmark, and she was so grateful for our custom that she gave us a free bottle of wine. Fucking cool. We were all totally stuffed, nice to eat so much since I'd held back a bit during the tour, it not being so nice to play a show on a crammed stomach. We drove to the port as quickly as possible, and found out that the next ferry wasn't until 5...the next evening. Fuuuck...so we decided to drive to another port and get the ferry from there.

It took about 3 hours to get there, we stopped at a gas station & I robbed a big ceramic duck from the restaurant. Me & Yogi really REALLY wanted to throw it out of the window and smash it on the highway but the others wouldn't have it (boo, hippies!). So we wrote Oi! and Exploited on it and gave it a mohawk instead.

Got to the ferry, got over to Denmark around 2am, and stopped at a truckstop cos Jakob was totally fucked from all the driving and needed a couple hours sleep. I got a couple of hours sleep outside, which was nice (I can often find it hard to sleep and almost impossible in moving vehicles, unless I'm drunk) and then we got back in and drove on at around 4am.

Jakob & Yogi were the only others still awake & I was totally fucked, my throat was killing me & I was so fucking tired, plus Jakob was with cold slimy sweats, plus Jakob was so piss-tired that I was afraid he'd fall asleep at the wheel. My shit mood was somewhat counter-balanced by a totally mesmerising beautiful sunrise as I drove through the Danish countryside, rising in a shining ball of fire through dense mist.

We arrived back at around 6am and unloaded the van in the practise room on the 4th floor, fucking near killed me. After clearing out the van, diving up our records and saying our goodbyes, I cycled the half hour out to our wagenplatz in Nordhavn, kicked Ian & Agnes out of my bed, and crashed into a nice deep sleep...fucking glad to be home.



# GUIDED CRADLE

Q: GENERAL HISTORY OF THE BAND, MEMBERS, OTHER BANDS? IS THERE ANY IDEA BEHIND THE BAND NAME?

A: OK, WE STARTED AS A 3 PIECE COVER BAND CALLED ANTI-CLIMAX DOING COVERS OF YOU KNOW WHO, IN SPRING OF 2003. THEN WE DECIDED TO TAKE ON A SECOND GUITARIST, AUSTIN, TAKE IT A BIT MORE SERIOUSLY AND DO OUR OWN STUFF WITH A DIFFERENT NAME. I, ETHAN, HAVE PLAYED IN BANDS LIKE DREAD, OI, OI POLLOI, HAPPY SPASTICS, AND A FEW PROJECTS THAT NEVER WORKED. OUR DRUMMER ETYRLIST WITH OUR

BASS PLAYER TOMAS BOTH HAD A GREAT BAND BEFORE US CALLED V.I.R. BUT QUIT, AND ETHAN PLAYED IN RUNE, 23rd CHAPTER AND A FEW OTHER BANDS.

THE NAME GUIDED CRADLE COMES FROM A TORTURE INSTRUMENT THAT CHRISTIANS USED ON "UNBELIEVERS". IT DESTROYED THE GENITALIA IN 5 MINUTES. I CHOSE

THE NAME BECAUSE I WANTED A KIND OF ANTI-CHRISTIAN THING TO DO WITH

THE NAME AND ALSO IT WAS THE FIRST THING I SAW IN A MUSEUM OF TORTURE. Q: SO WHEN I MET YOUSE IT SEEMED HALF THE BAND SPOKE CZECH-ONLY AND ONE OF YOU ENGLISH-ONLY, WITH YOU IN THE MIDDLE SPEAKING BOTH. IS THIS HARD TO DEAL WITH? HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED IN CZECH, HOW DOES IT COMPARE TO SCOTLAND?

A: GOOD QUESTION! OCCASIONALLY IT GETS ON MY NERVES BEING THE TRANSLATOR. IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER EVERY LITTLE DETAIL WHEN YOU'RE TRANSLATING ALL THE TIME, ESPECIALLY WHEN IN A HURRY! I ALSO FEEL LIKE I'M BEING SPOKEN THROUGH AND NOT TO.

I'VE LIVED IN PRAGUE FOR ALMOST 6 YEARS NOW... I CAN SAY THAT LIVING HERE I DON'T HAVE TO BE SUCH A WAGE SLAVE AS I WOULD IN SCOTLAND OR

AMERICA! PUNKWISE I THINK THE SCENE IS A BIT BIGGER HERE THAN IN SCOTLAND... BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE FOR A GOOD 3 YEARS NOW...

I THINK A LOT OF PEOPLE, NOT JUST IN THE BAND, GET USED TO USING ME AS SOME SORT OF BILINGUAL FREAK TO SPEAK TO OTHER PEOPLE AND ARE TOO LAZY TO TRY THEMSELVES... BUT IN THE BAND IT'S NOT SUCH A BAD CASE... ESPECIALLY AFTER EVERYONE HAS HAD A FEW BEERS. I'VE GOTTEN USED TO IT

BUT I THINK THAT IN THE XX TIME I'VE GOTTEN USED TO IT THAT SOME PEOPLE COULD HAVE LEARNED EITHER CZECH OR ENGLISH.

Q: WHAT'S THE PUNK SCENE LIKE IN PRAGUE, IS IT DIFFICULT TO DO SHIT? IS THERE MUCH OF AN AUDIENCE FOR YOUR TYPE OF MUSIC? IS THERE A LOT OF POLITICAL ACTIONS GOING ON?

STUPID GOVERNMENTS AND  
WEAKED UP SYSTEMS LEAVE YOU  
MAKED OF SHIT  
MAKE YOU THINK ABOUT YOUR  
LIFE AND IF YOU SHOULD  
FIGHT THEM

DON'T THINK ABOUT  
THOSE DAY TRIPS  
LIVE YOUR LIFE  
FOR YOUR OWN!

A: PRAGUE SEEMS TO BE GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME! IT'S PRETTY EASY TO PUT ON GIGS FOR PUNK & CRUST BANDS IF YOU BOOK IN ADVANCE... CRUST WASN'T SO BIG UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO BUT NOW ALL THE KIDS COME TO CRUST GIGS!

THE AUDIENCE DEPENDS ON IF THE BAND ARE KNOWN OR THE DAY USUALLY. WE'VE NEVER PLAYED FOR LESS THAN 100 PEOPLE IN PRAGUE. WE HAD OUR RECORD REKEA RELEASE PARTY IN JULY AND OVER 150 PEOPLE CAME, AND THAT WAS A MONDAY!! I THINK THE SCENE WAS A LOT MORE POLITICALLY ACTIVE A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN LADRONKA EXISTED, NOT THAT IT ISN'T NOW, THERE'S JUST MORE GIGS AND PARTYS... THE ANTI-FA TEAM IS QUITE STRONG.

Q: THE LP'S FUCKIN BEAUTIFUL... WAS IT EXPENSIVE TO RELEASE? DID YOU HAVE TO PAY MUCH FOR THE ARTWORK?

A: I DON'T KNOW THE EXACT PRICE OF THE RELEASE BUT I KNOW THAT IVAN FROM DAMAGE DONE RECORDS GOT MOST OF HIS MONEY BACK FOR IT. THE FIRST 500 COPIES ARE SOLD OUT ~~ALREADY~~ ALREADY IN 3 MONTHS! DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE SELLOUTS!?

HE IS GOING TO REPRESS IT ON COLOURED VINYL IN SPRING AND BARVAK FROM INSANE SOCIETY WILL BE DOING A CD VERSION SOON AS WELL...

THE FRONT COVER ARTIST, HUSH, CONTACTED US ON THAT MY SPACE THING THAT HE LIKES THE BAND AND THAT HE DRAWS FOR BANDS AND SLUG & LETTUCE... SO HE GAVE US A GOOD OFFER! I THINK HE'S A GREAT ARTIST

AND WE WILL DEFINITELY USE HIM FOR THE NEXT RECORD!

AND A FRIEND THAT LIVES HERE DREW THE BACK COVER FREE, THEN A GIRL WE KNOW HELPED SIZE EVERYTHING UP AND PUT IT ON CD FOR US FOR ABOUT 30 EUROS, SO I THINK THE COVER WASN'T ACTUALLY THAT EXPENSIVE, JUST THE GOLD COLOUR AND THE THICK VINYL WAS PROBABLY THE MOST EXPENSIVE. BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? I JUST ROCK OUT AND GET WASTED!

Q: SO YOU WRITE ABOUT BEATING DOWN NAZIS IN "HUNTING"; IS THERE MUCH OF A NAZI/RIGHT-WING ASSHOLE PROBLEM IN PRAGUE? IS THERE A STRONG AFA? WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING A PUNK IN PRAGUE, DO YOU GET A LOT OF SHIT ON THE STREETS FOR LOOKING PUNK, INSULTED OR BEATEN UP?

A: THE FACIST SCENE WITH NAZI HOOLIGANS HERE IS BIG AND NOT ONLY IN PRAGUE. OTHER TOWNS LIKE BRNO, OSTRAVA, OLOMOUC, MOST AND KLAUNO ARE FULL OF THE FUCKERS AND IT CAN BE DANGEROUS WALKING AROUND ALONE. THEY DON'T REALLY LOOK LIKE BALDHEADED BOOT WEARING SKINS ANYMORE, MORE LIKE "SPORTY"... BUT I CAN ALWAYS SMELL THEM OUT!

LIKE I SAID THE AFA TR TEAM HERE IS STRONG BUT AS BIG, JUST SMARTER AND SNEAKER, GOOD TACTICS AND PLAYING DETECTIVE WHICH I FIND FUN! ALL THOSE YEARS OF WATCHING COLUMBO CAN PAY OFF!

DON'T GET MUCH SHIT VERBALLY IN THE STREETS BUT CZECH DEFINITELY DO HAVE STARING PROBLEMS! ESPECIALLY THE OLDER ONES THAT LIVED THROUGH COMMUNISM. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO NAZIS I SEEM TO BE A BIG RED TARGET. I'VE BEEN ATTACKED 5 TIMES NOW, 4 TIMES IN THE SAME PLACE WHICH IS

RIGHT BY WHERE I LIVE, 2 TIMES WITH CONCUSSIONS, THEN LEARNING AND RECOGNIZING FACES I'VE STARTED FOLLOWING THEM HOME IN NORMAL CLOTHES, MAKING STICKERS WITH THEIR FACES & ADDRESSES AND PUTTING THEM UP IN THEIR AREAS. I HOOK UP WITH AFA WHEN THINGS ARE OUT OF HAND AS WELL. I

THINK EVERY PUNK IN PRAGUE HAS A FEW ~~EX~~ NOT SO NICE STORYS TO TELL  
ABOUT THE NAZIS HERE...

Q: WHAT DO YOU EACH DO WITH YOURSELVES OUTSIDE OF THE BAND? IS IT HARD  
TO MAKE A LIVING IN PRAGUE?

A: I MAKE MONEY OFF RICH HIP-HOP KIDS THAT DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE IN  
THE CLUB I WORK AT... AND I OCCASIONALLY DO ENGLISH CONVERSATIONS WITH  
A DOCTOR AND PSYCHOTHERAPIST. I ALSO DO GIGS, PLAY WITH MY DOGS, DO  
STAGE CREW/MANAGER AT FESTIVALS IN SUMMER AND DRINK A LOT.

AUSTIN WORKS IN A BAR AND HAS A SOLO THING GOING, IT'S LIKE COUNTRY  
BLUEGRASS STUFF AND IS WELL KNOWN OUT HERE. OUR DRUMMER LIKES MOUNTAIN

CLIMBING, I CALL IT HILL WALKING COS THERE'S REAL MOUNTAINS IN CZECH,  
AND HE DOES CONSTRUCTION WORK WHICH CONSISTS OF GOING TO LUNCH AROUND  
IT AND DRINKING THE REST OF THE DAY AND STILL GETTING PAID! AND TOMAS  
OUR BASS PLAYER IS CURRENTLY UNEMPLOYED AND SMOKES A LOT OF GRASS.

RIDING THE WITCHES BY ABORT,  
PUTTING YOUR GENITALS  
IN YOUR THROAT

Q: WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE PLANS?

A: WELL THIS WEEKEND (1/10, 2/10) WE ARE RECORDING  
2 SONGS FOR A SPLIT WITH INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL, THEN  
AUSTIN IS OFF TO THE U.S. UNTIL MARCH, SO WE WILL BE IN

THE BAND PRACTICE ROOM DOING NEW STUFF FOR ANOTHER LP.  
THEN FROM APRIL 23rd - MAY 13th WE WILL BE ON TOUR DOWN TO SPAIN AND  
IF EVERYTHING GOES OKAY HOPEFULLY ING COPENHAGEN AROUND MAY 11th TO  
GET WASTED WITH YOU AGAIN! I THINK THAT'S IT! THANKS FOR THE INTEREST  
AND INTERVIEW:

[www.guidedecadle.com](http://www.guidedecadle.com)

AS MENTIONED EARLIER, OVER THE LAST NUMBER OF YEARS I'VE BECOME MORE  
AND MORE DISILLUSIONED WITH & ALIENATED FROM LEFTIST POLITICS AND  
DEMONSTRATIONS.

I LARGELY SEE ANTI-WAR (ETC) PROTESTS AS A PRESSURE  
VALVE WITH WHICH TO FOOL PEOPLE INTO BELIEVING THAT THEY'RE MAKING  
THEIR VOICES HEARD, ~~WHEN~~ WHEN THOSE WHO MAKE THE DECISIONS AREN'T  
EVEN LISTENING. THUS ARE PEOPLE BLEED OF THEIR DISSENT, THEIR ANGER  
AND LEFT SIMMERING, STEADILY MORE BURNT OUT, FEELING IMPOTENT AND  
AS IF THERE'S LITTLE OR NO POINT IN THEIR RESISTANCE.



TAKE FOR  
EXAMPLE THE ANTI-WAR PROTESTS IN IRELAND AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE MOST  
RECENT OIL WAR IN IRAQ; MORE THAN 100,000 PEOPLE TOOK TO THE STREETS  
OF DUBLIN -ABOUT 10% OF THE CITY'S POPULATION -AND YET "OUR" PRIME  
MINISTER TWISTED THINGS AROUND TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ~~BECAUSE~~ HE HIMSELF  
IS ANTI-WAR, AND THAT HE & HIS GOVERNMENT'S DECISION TO PERMIT  
REFUELING OF U.S. WARPLANES IN SHANNON AIRPORT WAS SUPPORTED BY THE  
PUBLIC, AN ACTION WHICH DIRECTLY INCREASED THE DEATH TOLL OF MEN,  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN JUST LIKE YOU AND ME IN IRAQ.

OF COURSE, WHAT  
CHOICE DID THEY HAVE IN A SYSTEM SUCH AS THIS, SINCE IRELAND'S ECONOMIC  
WELL-BEING IS HUGELY DEPENDANT ON U.S. CORPORATIONS AND BUSINESS INTERESTS.

MEANWHILE, 5 ANTI-WAR ACTIVISTS ~~KNOW~~ BROKE INTO  
SHANNON AIRPORT AND SMASHED UP A U.S. WARPLANE WITH HAMMERS,  
CAUSING ~~W~~ MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF DAMAGE AND FORCING 3 OF THE  
4 COMPANIES FACILITATING THIS REFUELING TO PULL OUT.

WHO MAKES THE REAL DIFFERENCE?

I GO TO DEMONSTRATIONS AND RARELY FIND IT IN MYSELF TO FEEL ANY REAL ANGER OVER THE SAME OLD CHANTS AND SLOGANS (SINGLE ISSUES SOMETIMES MAKE ME FEEL IT; A RECENT ~~REMEMBER~~ SPONTANEOUS DEMONSTRATION OVER THE DEPORTATION OF AN IRANIAN INSURGENT FROM COPENHAGEN BACK TO TORTURE AND IMPRISONMENT IN IRAN, FOR INSTANCE, HAD ME FUCKING SEETHING). BUT ~~GENERAL~~ ON THESE DEMOS I WALK AND SEE THE BEMUSED LOOKS ON THE FACES OF PASSERS-BY, OR THOSE DETERMINED TO IGNORE THE PROTESTORS, AS IF IT WILL MAKE THEM DISAPPEAR...THE FOOLS WHO SHOUT STUPID SHIT BACK AT US, THE SAFE PRE-PLANNED ROUTES, THE LACK OF SPONTANEITY.

MY PROBLEM IS THAT I FEEL CHOKED BY THE ENTIRE SYSTEM, AND JUST CHIPPING ~~ME~~ AWAY AT SMALL PARTS IN SUCH A WAY SEEMS TO THROW THE WHOLE ROTTEN ~~ME~~ MESS INTO EVEN SHARPER ~~ME~~ RELIEF.

WAR IS CAPITALISM IS HIERARCHY IS POWER IS VIOLENCE IS MISERY. A NEVER-ENDING CHAIN OF HOPELESS INEQUALITY.

THE MOST INTENSE FEELING I TEND TO EXPERIENCE IS A BURNING HATRED WHEN I STARE BACK AT THE PIGS, COPS IN RIOT GEAR WITH ARROGANT SMIRKING DISDAIN PLAIN ON THEIR ANDROID FACES. MOST DEMOS JUST DEPRESS ME. WE WALK AROUND, GET TIRED, PERHAPS THERE'S A BRIEF SCUFFLE WITH THE PIGS, NOBODY REALLY CARES, AND WE GO HOME, OR PROBABLY JUST GO AND GET PISSED.

IF THINGS ARE REALLY INTERESTING MAYBE SOMEBODY GETS BEATEN UP OR ARRESTED, AND IF WE'RE LUCKY MAYBE A COP ENDS UP IN HOSPITAL. BUT NOTHING CHANGES.

SO THE WAY I SEE IT, THE REAL STRUGGLE, THE REAL PROTEST, THE ONLY REVOLUTION, IS THAT WHICH GOES ON EVERY DAY IN SECRET IN PEOPLES' ATTEMPTS TO FIND MODES OF EXISTENCE OUTSIDE OF THE CLUTCHES OF THE SYSTEM. SQUATTING, AUTONOMOUS CENTRES, SELF-PUBLISHING, WORKING AT MEANINGFUL THINGS; LIVING, BASICALLY, OUTSIDE OF THEIR WEB OF UNSPOKEN THREATS AND CRUSHING DEMANDS OF OBEDIENCE.

WAYS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO INDIVIDUAL LIVES, IN WORKING WITH THE DISADVANTAGED YOUTH, THE HOMELESS, ETC, THINGS THAT MAKE YOU FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.

I THINK THESE THINGS ARE WORTHWHILE, AND CAN SUSTAIN YOU, IN A WAY, BUT AT THE END OF THEM DAY, DESPITE THE LESSENING OF PAIN TO SINGLE LIVES, I STILL SEE ALL THIS SHIT AS A DIRECT PRODUCT OF THIS SYSTEM OF CAPITALISM, HIERARCHY, POWER & MONEY. AS IT UNDENIABLY IS.

SO WHILE I THINK IT'S FUCKING COOL TO SEE PEOPLE DEDICATE THEIR LIVES TO THEM VICTIMS OF THE MACHINE, PERSONALLY I CANNOT. THE PAIN & DESPAIR IS TOO MUCH, THE SUDDEN BLINDING SURGES OF RAGE AT HOW THESE LIVES HAVE COME TO BE THE WAY THEY ARE, AND WHY, FADES ALL TOO SOON INTO BLACKLEND HOPELESS DEPAIR IN REALISATION OF HOW HELPLESS WE ARE AGAINST IT. AND IT'S THIS WHICH REALLY KILLS ME, DEBILITATES ME, LEAVES ME FUCKED AND WANTING THEM NOTHING MORE THAN TO GET REALLY FUCKED ON ALCOHOL AND DOPE AND LISTEN TO UGLY FUCKING MUSIC. THOUGH I DON'T EVER WANT TO LOSE THIS ANGER, YOU CAN ONLY FEED OFF IT SO MUCH BEFORE IT POISONS YOU.

SO THE ONLY WAY I SEE TO SURVIVE IS IN CREATING ALTERNATIVES. THIS MAY SEEM SELFISH TO SOME; IN MY VIEW IT'S A MATTER OF SURVIVAL (AND BESIDES, WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE?). I WON'T SUBSCRIBE TO THE SYSTEM; I WON'T EAT THEIR MURDEROUS FOOD, I WON'T VOTE FOR THEIR BASTARD MONarchs, I WILL NOT CONSUME THEIR PACIFYING TOYS, I WILL NEVER FOLLOW THEIR MODELS FOR RELATIONSHIPS OF DOMINANCE AND CONTROL.

WHAT I WANT IS TO CREATE SPACES TO EXIST FOR THOSE WHO REFUSE THE LIE, SPACES TO GROW INTO THE PEOPLE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN, A REFUGE FOR THE INCREASING NUMBERS OF THOSE GROWING DISILLUSIONED WITH THIS SPITEFUL FUCKING WARSYSTEM TO COME TO OF THEIR OWN VOLITION (I'VE NO INTEREST IN PREACHING ANARCHISM OR WHATEVER TO ANYONE; IF PEOPLE REALLY CARE THEY'LL FIND THEIR OWN WAY...BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO PROVIDE A PLACE FOR THEM TO GO AND TRY TO FIGURE THAT SHIT OUT FOR THEMSELVES).

I DON'T BELIEVE ANY REVOLUTION OR MASS UPRISING IS GOING TO OCCUR, AND I WOULDN'T BE TOO BOtherED IN TRYING TO BRING IT ABOUT, SINCE THE SAME PATTERNS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR WOULD ONLY REPEAT THEMSELVES, HUMANS BEING THE CREATURES THE ARE.



WHERE I WOULD CONCENTRATE MY ENERGIES IS ON CREATING ALTERNATIVES OUTSIDE OF THE SYSTEM THAT ARE WORTHWHILE AND VALUABLE IN AND OF THEMSELVES, RATHER THAN ATTEMPTING TO AFFECT CHANGE IN THEM THIS FUCKED SYSTEM ITSELF.

THOUGH I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT'S FRUITLESS TO ATTEMPTED TO CHANGE THE SYSTEM, I STILL BELIEVE IN ACTIVELY OPPOSING IT AND REFUSING TO TAKE PART IN IT'S PROCESSES OF ABUSE & OPPRESSION AS FAR AS IS POSSIBLE.

IN WHATEVER SHAPE THAT MAY TAKE. NO DRAMATIC CONCLUSION TO THIS ONE - JUST ENCOURAGEMENT TO KEEP FIGHTING TO DESTROY THAT WHICH TAKES SO MUCH FROM US AND TO TAKE BACK ALL THAT WE CAN.



WARNING NO.2, A4, 28 PGS.  
THIS IS THE BEST ZINE I'VE GOTTEN SINCE WARNING NO.1 -UNFORTUNATE THAT THERE'S SO FEW ZINES AROUND THAT CAN MATCH THIS ONE. THE CONTENT OF THIS IS BOTH INTERESTING & RELEVANT, BUT IT'S THE AESTHETIC & LAY-OUT AND OBVIOUSLY HUGE AMOUNT OF WORK THAT WENT INTO IT THAT MAKES IT SO AMAZING TO ME. THERE'S AVERAGE/GOOD INTERVIEWS WITH HELLSHOCK & REALITY CRISIS & AN AMAZING ONE WITH SOTHIRA FROM CRUCIFIX, CONDUCTED JUST RECENTLY, THAT IS JUST SO GOOD. THERE'RE 2 PIECES ON THE PROCESSES GOING ON IN THE U.S. AND WORLDWIDE TO FURTHER CONSOLIDATE POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE ELITE, BOTH REALLY GOOD, I'D HAVE ENJOYED READING MORE OF THESE TYPE PIECES. A SHORT FINAL NOISE ATTACK SCENE-REPORT ON SOME PORTLAND BANDS, A BRAZIL SCENE REPORT, LOTS OF GREAT PHOTOS & A GREAT PIECE ON DISCHARGE BOOTLEGS. REALLY AMAZING PRINT JOB TOO. POSSIBLY THE BEST ZINE AROUND RIGHT NOW. ROXXOX  
PO BOX 40113, PORTLAND-CITY, OR. 97240-0113, U.S.A.

MERCILESS GAME Vol.4, A5, 28 PGS.  
THE NEW ONE FROM HENKE WHO THEM DID CANCER & PAST A MIDNIGHT, IT'S ABOUT TIME HE GOT THIS ONE OUT AFTER REACHING WORLD PUNK SUPERSTARDOM IN THE PAGES OF MRR! NOT CRAZY ABOUT THE FRONT COVER, back cover

BACK COVER IS AMAZING THOUGH. THERE'S INTERVIEWS HERE WITH WARMACHINE, WOLFBRIGADE AND EXTINCTION OF MANKIND, ALL OF WHICH I FOUND DECENT. THE BEST BIT IS THE STORY OF HEX HENKE'S TRIP TO THE STATES AND HIS EXPERIENCES FOLLOWING DISCLOSE ON THEIR TOUR THERE. THE WHOLE ZINE IN GENERAL IS REALLY GOOD, CONTENT-WISE, BUT SOME PARTS COULD DEFINITELY IMPROVE, LAY-OUT WISE. THERE'S SOME GREAT PARTS, THE PHOTOS PAGE WITH DISCLOSE, WARMACHINE INTERVIEW LAY-OUT, THE FIRST REVIEWS PAGE, BUT THE OTHERS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE THE SAME TIME PUFF IN OR SOMETHING. VERY VERY NICE TO GET A ZINE THAT DOES GOOD REVIEWS OF GOOD MUSIC -IT SEEMS ALMOST EVERYONE BUY ME HATES REVIEWS AND NO-ONE BOTHERS WITH THEM ANYMORE SO THIS IS GREAT. ALSO A COOL PIECE ON COOKING + SOME RECIPES. CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE. H. LILJEGREN, V. KATTARPSV. IOA, 213 61 MALMÖ, SWEDEN. h\_midnight@hotmail.com..

SVAVELDIOXID NO.5, A5, 20 PGS.  
NICE ZINE HERE FROM LUXEMBOURG, AROUSED MY INTEREST WITH A COVER DEPICTING A GENTLEMAN WITH A STACHE HITTING A COP ON THE HEAD WITH A CLUB AND THE SLOGAN "D-BEAT ON COPS". YES. AND IT'S FREE. THANKS FOR GETTIN ME THIS ERIC! NICE ONE FOR GETTIN ME THIS ERIC! THERE'S (WE) AND RISE UP (LUXEMBOURG). THERE'S ALSO SOME WRITINGS ON THE SOCIO-THERE, AND SOME STUFF ON PRISON & KNOWLEDGE. A NICE PIECE TOO ABOUT EXH, WITH EVICTION. THE LAY-OUT I QUITE LIKE BUT IT DEFINITELY SUFFERS FROM SHIT. THIS IS GOOD, HOPE TO SEE MORE OF IT IN THE FUTURE. PATRICK KOLB, 2 RUE RY BOISSAUX, 3430 DUDELANGE, LUXEMBOURG. svaveldioxid(a)skitsystem.net

BEHIND THE TIMES No.3/No.4, A4/A5, 36/36 PGS.  
VERY DECENT HARDCORE ZINE HERE, STAUNCHLY DIY AND FULL OF ENTHUSIASM.x THE 19 YEAR OLD WRITER OF IT IS OPEN AND SINCERE, JUST SAYS SHIT STRAIGHT OUT AND YOU CAN TELL HE REALLY MEANS IT. NO.3 HAS INTERVIEWS WITH FRANK RECORDS (IN WHICH THE GUY WHO RUNS COMES ACROSS AS A BIT OF A FUCKING WHINGEBAG), FUCKED UP

CUT THE SHIT, FROM ASHES RISE, HAVE HEART & SAVE YOURSELF, AND A RETROSPECTIVE ON HERESY. NO.4 HAS INTERVIEWS WITH FUCKED UP, WBFD (JACK CONTROL SEEMS LIKE AN ARROGANT BASTARD IN IT), PLAN OF ATTACK, JBA & A RETROSPECTIVE ON DEATHSIDE. ALL THE INTERVIEWS ARE WELL DONE AND ASK GOOD QUESTIONS, SOME OF 'EM WADE ME WANT TO CHECK OUT SOME NEW BANDS. SAME GOES FOR THE REVIEWS WHICH FOR THE MOST PART ARE WELL DONE & INFORMATIVE BUT A FEW ARE A BIT SMART-ASS& SHORT ON INFO. BEST BITS FOR ME WERE THE DEATHSIDE/HERESY PIECES, REALLY GOOD, DEATHSIDE ONE WAS ESPECIALLY AMAZING. GREAT TO GET A GOOD HARDCORE ZINE MOSTLY FOUCUSED ON MUSIC BUT WITH THE WRITER'S OPINIONS AND PERSONALITY COMING THROUGH. A FEW "OPINION" TYPE PIECES MIGHT HAVE BEEN NICE. FOCUS IS MAINLY ON THRASH, OLD SCHOOL AND RAW/CRUSTY HARDCORE. MAIN CRITICISM HAS TO BE THE PRINT QUALITY OF PICTURES AND TEXT, ESPECIALLY IN CERTAIN PLACES (LOTS OF PHOTOS OF BANDS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR INCLUDED), SUFFERS FROM A BIT OF COMPUTERISATION...DEFINITELY WILL BE CHECKING THIS ZINE OUT IN THE FUTURE. I'D RECOMMEND THAT YOU DO THE SAME. BTT, 191 BENJAMIN ST., SCHENECTADY, NY, 12303, USA.

MISHAP No.17, A5, 48pgs.

THIS ZINE IS GREAT, I'D PREVIOUSLY ONLY READ A SHORT NEOTHULU MYTHOS FUNK STORY FROM THIS ZINE A FRIEND PHOTOCOPIED FOR ME (WHICH WAS GREAT), BUT ANY OTHER TIME I'D SEEN THE ZINE I WAS SCARED OFF BY THE TEXT-HEAVY CONTENT (I'M A SUCKER FOR PLENTY OF IMAGERY & NICE LAY-OUTS). SO I'M CURSING MYSELF FOR NOW GETTING IN ON THE MISHAP GAME SOONER. THIS ISSUE IS FULL OF DIVERSE & INTERESTING MATERIAL; THERE'S A GOOD INTERVIEW WITH LOST CHERREES, SOME GOOD BOOK & ZINE REVIEWS, AND VARIOUS WRITTEN PIECES ON VARIOUS EPISODES FROM HIS PAST & PRESENT LIFE, A SHORT STORY DEPICTING THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT, "CO-OPERATIVE CRITICISM", AND VARIOUS OTHER BITS AND PIECES. I LIKE THIS WRITING FOR HOW EACH PIECE IS RIPPLED WITH THE AUTHOR'S OWN VIEWS AND PHILOSOPHIES, IN A WAY THAT MANAGES TO A) BE COMPLETELY UNPREDICTABLE, AND B) ACCEPT HIS OWN LIMITS & EXISTENTIAL POTENTIAL BIASES. NICE, OPEN, INVITING WRITING, AND WITH A GOOD PLAYLIST TOO! PO BOX 5841, EUGENE, OR 97405, USA. mishapzine@yahoo.com

FOR IDIOT, No.2, A4, 10pgs.

SHORT & SWEET, THIS ZINE OUT OF MICHIGAN USA CONCENTRATES ON THRASH & CRUST SHIT. RICE SHORT INTERVIEW WITH BEYOND DESCRIPTION IN "TYPICAL CHARMING JAP-ENGLISH" (I JUST REALIZED THAT PROBABLY MEANS I'M RACIST!, HAHAN, SHUT UP DICHEAD) AND A GOOD REFLECTION ON ANOTHER JAPANESE BAND DAMNARIE EXCITE ZOMBIES THAT THE EDITOR IS HOT FOR. ALSO SOME REVIEWS, FLYERS AND PHOTOS. THIS YOU WILL READ IN 15 MINUTES, SO FROM LOOKING AT ANY OF MY ZINES YOU KNOW I'D BE LIKING IT A TAD LONGER BUT I'LL SHUT UP AND INSTEAD HOPE THAT THIS COMES OUT IN REGULAR SHORT SHARP KICKS TO THE TEETH. ZACH HOWARD, 5726 SUSSEX CT, TROY MI 48098, USA. chaosnonmusica@mail.com.

ZEROKILLIN, No.1, A5, 36pgs.

NEW QUARTERLY ZINE FROM DUBLIN WITH A DIFFERENT FOCUS FOR EACH ISSUE. THIS ONE IS ABOUT THE MEDIA, AND HAS PIECES ON STORYTELLING & INFORMATION TRANSFER, AN INTERVIEW WITH MAILE MC GUIRK WHO DIY-PUBLISHED A BOOK ABOUT DIY HARDCORE IN DUBLIN COMBINED WITH RECIPES (HE WAS INTERVIEWED IN MOI BETWEEN THEN & NOW), A HISTORY + INFO ON THE BAD BOOKS & FORGOTTEN ZINE LIBRARIES IN DUBLIN, AN INTERESTING PIECE ON ARTIST MARK LOMBARDI, STUFF ABOUT RADIO, GA PIECE ON ONLINE INFORMATION TRANSFER AND A PIECE ON READ. WHAT MAKES IT STAND-OUT IS THE INVENTIVE LAYOUT, BEAUTIFUL PRINT WHICH HAS LED TO A WAY NICER ZINE THAN IF EACH INDIVIDUAL HAD LAID OUT THEIR OWN PIECE, AND WHOEVER'S THE PERSON BEHIND THE LAY-OUT, THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. THE NEXT ISSUE IS ON THE THEME OF "CITIZENSHIP", AND OAKLAWN, CARLOW, IRELAND. c\_walsh123@hotmail.com.

M IS FOR MONSTER, A5, 44pgs.

THIS ZINE IS REALLY SHOCKINGLY INTENSE AND MIGHT BE A BIT TOO MUCH FOR SOME, BUT I GUESS IT'S AN UNFORTUNATELY NECESSARY STORY AND ONE WHICH NEEDS TO BE TOLD, LOUDLY. SUBTITLED "A ONE-SHOT MEMOIR OF RAPE & RECOVERY", THAT'S WHAT IT IS, SPLIT INTO 3 SECTIONS: FIRSTLY, THE DETAILS OF WHAT HAPPENED, THEN A SERIES OF JOURNAL ENTRIES IN THE AFTERMATH, AND LASTLY, BEEZEEZEE REFLECTS ON WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AFTER THE AUTHOR FELT SHE WAS HEALED. THE READER SICK READING THIS, BUT I THINK THIS IS A REALLY IMPORTANT RESOURCE; THERE IS NO PRETENSE OF GOOD & BAD, THERE'S NO VIEWING THINGS IN BLACK & WHITE, THIS COMPLETELY OFFERS UP IT'S DOUBTS, GUILT AND REGRETS. THIS ZINE DETAILS EXACTLY HOW THESE THINGS HAPPEN, AND HOW PEOPLE YOU WOULD NEVER EXPECT IT FROM CO-ERCE & CONVINCE & FORCE THOSE WHO TRUST THEM INTO THESE SITUATIONS. THIS IS REALLY BRAVE, THE AUTHOR REFUSES TO HIDE FROM DISCLOSING FEELINGS OR THINGS SHE SHOULD OF DONE DIFFERENTLY, OF WHY SHE AT TIMES FELT IT WAS HER FAULT (IT NEVER IS), AND SO ON. "AND STILL TWO YEARS LATER, I'M LEFT SPEECHLESS EXCEPT FOR THE SIMPLE QUESTIONS: WHY? WHY ME? HOW COULD YOU?". THIS ZINE JUST LEAVES ME WITH SOMETHING SO BEAUTIFUL AND MAKE IT SO HORRIFYING. THIS ZINE MAKES ME REALLY SAD, BUT THIS IS WHAT PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT. JESSICA M, PO BOX 23924, FLAGSTAFF, AZ 86002-3524, U.S.A. happyphantom@livejournal.com

ABELESS GARD

c/o B. Lillinger  
V. Kettnerweg 10  
23561 HATSEN  
GERMANY



# BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD

NEXT ISSUE WITHIN HMMMF FUCK IT, LET'S SAY 4 MONTHS? INTERVIEWS HOPEFULLY WITH A FRIEND WHO'S BEEN INVOLVED IN UNGDOMSHUSET FOR 20 YEARS+, DOOMTOWN (I HOPE?), DEATHTOKEN (I HOPE?) AND FUCK KONWS WHAT ELSE.

COVER ARTWORK BY ADAM.

CRUSTYFUKK PHOTOS W/ PROTEST PIECE BY LYNCHER

N.D.T. TOUR-DIARY PHOTOS BY EYAL, CHRISTINA & LENA.

BACKGROUNDS FROM STUFF BY JOE SACCO & KATSUHIRO OTOMO, AND LOADSA OTHER PLACES...

BACK COVER IS A SECTION FROM GUIDED CRADLE'S ALBUM COVER

THANKS TO ANYONE ELSE WHOSE IMAGES OR ARTWORK IS USED HERE.

THANKS FOR READING, NOW GO AND MAKE YOUR OWN ZINE.

AND SEND ME A COPY.

THE ONLY TIME A COMPUTER TOUCHED THIS ZINE WAS FOR THE TEXT IN THE TOUR DIARY, WHICH OTHERWISE WOULD HAVE BEEN A FUCKIN NIGHTMARE TO EDIT AND PRINT OUT AT THE RIGHT SIZE.

EVERYTHING ELSE IS 100% CUT & PASTE, TYPEWRITTEN & PHOTOCOPIED.



ISSUE  
#4

# BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD

DIY HARDCOREPUNK  
/CRUST/ANARCHO

REVIEWS / OPINIONS &  
PERSONAL POLITICAL WRITINGS



GUIDED CRADLE  
(czech)  
ABANDON  
(sweden)  
NUCLEAR DEATH  
TERROR  
TOUR DAIRY

BITE THE HAND, C/O CORMY,  
C/O BUMZEN, BALDERSGADE 20-22,  
2200 COPENHAGEN N, DENMARK.  
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